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TOLEDO BLADE

The Silver Question.
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Poetry.

OLD AGE TO CUPID.

Loves' dead leaves rustle in the winter wind,
Unchecked the breezes through its branches blow;
No tender green a new spring there will find—
Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

Let the young lover vital deem his flame,
And pale and glow contented in my stead,
Finding more precious far than gain or fame
That eyes be blue and hair white-filleted.

To him let come the vagrant tender pain
Of watching love grow in a maiden heart,
I neither praise nor envy him his gain—
Boy, sheathe your arrow, sheathe your gilded dart.

For now I have so shaken hands with life
That to its lures I lift but level eyes.
No more for me love's tears and hapless strife,
Its restless fears and blisses of surprise.

Aye, sheathe your shaft, boy! No more will I lie
Wide eyed at Sleep's shut gate because love gullies,
Nor tread the pleasing maze where pulse beats high,
But heart-break trembles in the train of smiles.

For now the calm, sweet quietude of age—
The warmth of windless sunlight and the glow
Of peaceful dusk comes as just heritage—
Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

—New York Tribune.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Midsummer month! O royal June,
What days are thine of deep delight!—
The golden morn, the golden noon,
And, ah! the crowning golden night!
A perfect verse with perfect rhyme
Each day is, dawn and close and prime.

The hours move on from love to love,
The glorious round is never done;
The lark, a sun of song, above
Soars, singing to his brother sun;
Anon his lyric tilting falls,
Then rouse the Romeo nightingales.

Now is high moon; in this green shade,
Among the roses let us lie,
Where, underneath a briery braid,
A love-voiced brooklet prattles by,
Sending innumerous crystal calls
From thousand tiny waterfalls.

Dusk humble bees, about the grass
(Anacreons of field and hill),
Drown with their droning double bass
The dragon flies' soprano shrill,
And small winds touch melodious stops
In whispering wood and murmurous copse.

To music of this fair demesne,
O sun-kissed Hebe, young divine,
Pour, pour "the blushful Hippocrene"—
The poet's and the lover's wine—
And o'er these, flutes and hautboys raise
A song to love and summer days!

A health to thee, O royal June,
That queen of all thy sisters art!
A health to love, the world's one boon
That makes midsummer in the heart!—
Sing, throats; sound, pipes; let all folk hear
How sweet is summer, love how dear!

—W. A. Mackenzie.

THE BROOK'S LAMENT.

I'm a-weary of the taffy that the poets fling at me
'Bout my ripplin' an' a-babblin' as I seek the distant sea.
For if their feet stepped in me, curses deep they'd launch,
I'd no longer be a brooklet, but a dirty little branch.

I am always singing merrily through the daisy blomin' fields,
And my bosom sweet reflection of the dancing sunbeam yields,
But when they chance to see me, 'neath the heat of blistrin' sun,
My muddy, creeping waters puts their dreamin' on the run!

My wavelets always bounding over pebble studded sand,
In the market of the poet are always in demand;
But with my tadpoles circlin' an' a-sinkin' in the mud,
You'd think I needed flushing from a thorough cleansing flood!

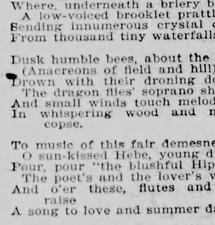
—Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellany.

NOT FOR THE NEW WOMAN.

It Is a Collar for a Military Organization, Despite Its Looks.

White collars are worn with full uniform in almost every regiment of the National Guard. In some regiments the style of collar is prescribed; in others it is not; but only one regiment has its own special collar. It is a strictly "stand" collar, rather ugly



unless worn with a uniform coat; but in its latest form it resembles strongly the collars that women wear. It has come out with a "skirt," so to speak. But the skirt, though it seems to make it feminine, really makes it more military than ever.

This is why: The full dress coat is padded and decidedly warm. As a result, comparatively little clothing is worn under it, and the new collar is meant to be worn without a shirt and without even being pinned to the coat. It is to be put on, the "skirt" is to be spread gently over the manly shoulders, and the coat buttoned up. Then, says the inventor, everything will be lovely.

TYPES OF WOMEN CYCLISTS.

Classified According to the Reasons That Lead Them to Ride.

Wheel women may be classified as riders by the reasons which lead them to mount a wheel. The best riders are those who ride because they love the exercise and all out-of-door sports. These women are not only "good to look at," but companionable on the road. They do not worry about what they wear, but don the costume which seems to them best fitted for the sport. They are encouraging to beginners, and do not advocate "scorching" or "over-exertion." Fortunately for all interested, these women are in the majority of the bicycle women of to-day.

Second to these come the women who ride conscientiously, their physicians have ordered the wheel, or the need open air exercise, or their husbands want them to ride. These women are not as inspiring as the first class, but they are sensible, reasonable riders, and afford satisfaction to society at large.

Then there is a numerous class who ride because other people ride, and who give a vast amount of consideration to their clothes, unfortunately, too, not from the standpoint of fitness or suitability, but from mistaken notions of "style" and "effectiveness." This misguided delusion of womankind is responsible for the marvelous compositions of color and uncouth cuts which disport themselves before the startled community. At its worst, this contingent wears furbelows and bleached hair and chews gum; at its best it is trying to its friends and relatives. These individuals are not given to physical exercise, and will, in course of time, disappear, save in sporadic cases. They ride to be seen of men, and a wobbly wheel attracts more attention than one which goes straight to its destination.

Great Consumption of Air.

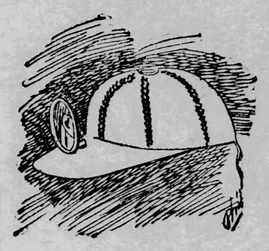
Hojack—The air seems rarer than it used to be.

Tomdik—Well, perhaps it is rarer. You know that a good deal is being used in pneumatic bicycle tires now.—Harper's

NEW USE FOR BICYCLES.

A Wheel Will Show Whether a Man is Intoxicated.

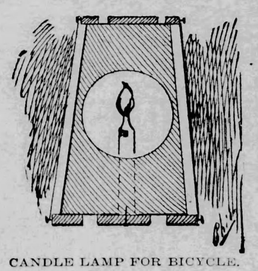
A new test of inebriation has been discovered by an Englishman. The latest that has been introduced into America was the requiring of the "suspicioned" to pronounce the proper name of Cissy Fitzgerald three times rapidly, but the new English method has a decided advantage, and it will quite easily be transplanted and used here with effect. A pushing British policeman on the Surrey side of London, found Mr. William Andrew Gill



HIS LANTERN IN HIS CAP.

the other day in a state which suggested the unconscious celebration of alcoholic symptoms and brought him before a local police official. Mr. Gill defended himself masterfully. "The policeman's charge is wrong," he said. "I was on a bicycle, and no man who is under the influence of liquor can ride a two-wheeled machine."

An interesting question is thus opened, and a question that admits of a good deal of argument. A competent London authority, after due reflection, has declared that if a man drinks steadily and only makes use of straight liquids, there is no reason why the alcohol should not readily balance him. But if, on the other hand, he mixes his drinks with exasperating carelessness, combining, for example, Scotch ale and Dublin stout



CANDLE LAMP FOR BICYCLE.

with dry champagne and seltzer, there is every reason to fear that the heavy liquids might fly off to one side, leaving the center of gravity upset and tumbling the rider to the ground.

Treating the question seriously, however, the bicycle as a detector of inebriety would seem to be a valuable test. It is hardly likely, however, to be accepted as a conclusive argument in the police courts. In nearly every case that can be imagined the magistrate on the bench would prefer a medical man's testimony. That was what the London police official in the case above mentioned did, despite Mr. Gill's proposition that he would ride his wheel in the court room in support of his theory.

Schweinmagen's Game.

The usual little game of poker was running at Schweinmagen's, and the players were all betting very freely. An unusually large jack-pot was in the center of the table, and, as the cards were being dealt, old Schweinmagen remarked:

"Well, shentlemans, I guess I win dis bot."

It was duly opened, and there was a raise or two all the way around. Schweinmagen drew one card, another player drew two, and two stood pat. The betting was brisk, and every time it came round to Schweinmagen he raised. Suddenly his 4-year-old boy exclaimed:

"Oh, look! papa's got four cards all alike!"

"Shut up your mout!" roared Schweinmagen, but it was too late. None of the other players would call his last raise. Schweinmagen took the boy upstairs. He returned in five minutes, red in the face, and resumed the game, with the remark:

"You bet, I shpank dot poy goot!"

An hour later, when all were trying to win a big pot, Schweinmagen's 6-year-old girl exclaimed:

"Papa has got four cards all just alike."

Again every one dropped their hands. Schweinmagen pocketed the cash, and the 6-year-old was led upstairs.

When a few minutes later, the grocer's 8-year-old son said: "Papa has got four all alike," one of the players studied his hand an unusually long time, scratched his head, studied the grocer's face, and then called.

"What have you got?" he demanded.

"What haf you got?"

"I called. Show down your hand."

Schweinmagen spread out a pair of deuces. The grocer didn't take the boy upstairs, but whipped him on the spot for lying.

"Dot poy might haf fooled some of you shentlemans," he explained.—San Francisco Post.

Legislative Programme.

"Father," said the small boy who wants to know things, "what is the difference between Congress and Parliament?"

"Well, my son," replied the parent, after some consideration, "the difference seems to be that Congress meets and resolves and Parliament meets and dissolves."—Washington Star.

An Earnest Warning.

A Little Valley, Montana, rancher put up the following notice on the fence which incloses his grain field: "If any man's or woman's cow or horse breaks through this fence and destroys this grain, his or her tail shall be cut off, as the case may be. I'm a Christian man, but d—n any one that lets their critters run loose o' nights."

Of No Importance.

Young Lady (out yachting)—What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?

Captain—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

Young Lady—I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.—Tit-Bits.

Never Tumbled.

Helen—A man in the railway carriage I came up in must have been a perfect brute.

He—Why, dearest?

Helen—Why, I stood on his foot seventy times, and he hadn't the manners to offer me a seat.—Penny Illustrated Paper.

"He comes not."
The forsaken bride wept amid the gorgeousness of the wedding feast.
"He comes not," she wailed.
They tried to tell her that he was unworthy, but she heard them not.
"My dreams of wedded bliss—"
Her voice rose to a shriek.
"—are shattered. I will have to keep right on wearing shoes two sizes too small for me."—Detroit Tribune.

Mrs. Keene's Way Out of It.

Mrs. Keene—Mason.
Mr. Keene—What, dear?
Mrs. Keene—The next time we go to the opera, buy your friend a seat alongside of us so you won't have to run out to see him between the acts.—Boston Courier.

THE BLAINE-CONKLING QUARREL.

Gail Hamilton's Account of the Manner of Its Origin.

While the fact is generally known that there was a bitter enmity existing for many years between James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling, never reconciled between them, it may be interesting to know the occasion and circumstances, and the language used by these distinguished gentlemen in the personal controversy between them when both were members of the House of Representatives, and which made them life-long enemies.

The following, taken from the biography of James G. Blaine by Gail Hamilton, fully explains this controversy. She says:

"The House of Representatives on April 24, 1866, resumed the consideration of the bill entitled 'An act to reorganize and establish the army of the United States.' Mr. Conkling objected to the twentieth section, which provided for the creation of a provost marshal general, on the ground that it created an unnecessary office for an undeserving public servant.

"It may be mentioned," says the biographer, "that the officer who was so obnoxious to Mr. Conkling had been assigned to Western New York by Gen. James P. Fry, at the request of Secretary of State William H. Seward.

"Mr. Blaine replied to Mr. Conkling calmly and dispassionately, defending Gen. Fry. In the debate which followed Mr. Conkling lost his patience to the point of direct and simple ire. He said among other things 'I do not wish to have anything to do with the member from Maine. Mr. Speaker, if he had the least idea of how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject which he has been discussing, or upon any other subject personal to me, I think he would hardly take the trouble to rise here and express his opinion. I submit the whole matter to the members of the House, making, as I do, an apology for the length of time which I have occupied in consequence of being drawn into explanations by an interruption which I pronounced the other day ungentlemanly and unparliamentary, and which had nothing whatever to do with the question.'

"Mr. Conkling was alluding to an interruption made by Mr. Blaine to some of his (Conkling's) statements. Mr. Blaine then rose, and turning directly to Mr. Conkling there came one swift downpour of scorn for scorn.

"'As to the gentleman's sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, super-eminent, overpowering turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself, and to all the members of the House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him.'

"Referring then to a chance newspaper comparison of Mr. Conkling to Henry Winter Davis, he continued: 'The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance it great: it is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion! Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire!'

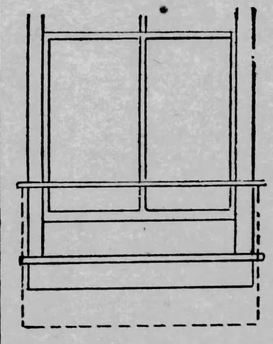
"The House of Representatives proved to be children of a larger growth. It listened to every word and shouted its inextinguishable laughter."

A WIND-CURTAIN

Which Permits Free Circulation of Air Without a Draught.

The Youth's Companion illustrates a very simple device for allowing plenty of fresh air to enter a bed room at night, without having a damp wind blow upon the bed.

The accompanying cut shows the manner in which the "wind-curtain" is attached. It may be arranged by any



one, requiring no skill at all. About a foot above the bottom of the window, on both edges of the window frame, insert diagonally two screw-hooks. Being on the outside of the frame, they do not mar the wood and are not seen during the day.

Prepare a light curtain-pole, say an inch in diameter, and insert screw eyes to correspond with the hooks. Hang upon this pole, either by rings or by a broad hem through which the pole may be thrust, a short curtain of some coarse, open cloth, burlap, for example, as indicated by the dotted line in the cut.

To prevent the curtain from flapping in the wind, sew to it two small rings, which may be loosely attached to two other hooks screwed on the under side of the window frame at its extremities.

Air will be admitted chiefly above and around the curtain, and not through it, and there will be enough to keep up a good circulation in the room. In the day time the rod, curtain and all, is lifted off the hooks and put away.

Freckle Cures.

Do the early summer freckles prove stubborn? There is usually a clamor for "freckle cures" about this time of the year, and the very best thing that proves reliable year after year is simply common buttermilk. Secure it as fresh as possible; it will be found that nothing can equal this fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn, or moth spots. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but makes it soft and white. Take a soft sponge and bathe the face, neck, and arms before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash it off thoroughly and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three of such baths each week during the summer months will take off and keep off the tan and freckles and keep the skin soft and smoth.—Philadelphia Times.

The Horrid Thing.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Why is it, I wonder, that a woman will always turn to the end of a novel and read the last page before reading any other part of it?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Her propensity to get the last word, I suppose, leads her to do it.—Yonkers Statesman.

En Famille!

First Johnny (in great glee)—At last! I've found one recorded instance of a club man dining home with his wife.

Second Ditto (in amazement)—Impossible!

First Johnny—Fact. I clipped it out from the "Fiji Island Missionary Menu!"

Second Ditto—Well?

First Johnny—He killed her with his club and then ate her.—Pick-Me-Up.

Playing a Lone Hand.

Mr. Brownstone—I wonder that servant girls don't have a union.

Mrs. Brownstone—Servant girls don't need a union. They can strike quite effectually, individually.—Harlem Life.

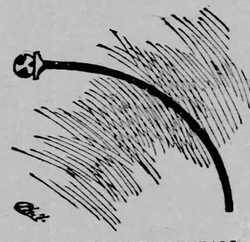
HOW ABOUT THIS?

A Ball That Apparently Defies Nature's Laws.

"It's a new physical force. Wonderful discovery. Nobody can explain it. Scientists all throw up their hands and say, 'I pass.'"

As he spoke Dr. W. H. Smith fished from his coat pocket a curved rubber tube with a hollow metal cone at one end, and a black rubber ball. A party of friends stood about the doctor and waited expectantly for further explanation.

"It's something that the fellows who



THE TUBE AND THE BALL.

think they know all about natural philosophy have overlooked," he continued. "This dufunny, or, more scientifically speaking, dingus, utterly knocks out every law of capillary and interatomic attraction, dialysis, osmose, and the rest of those simple things that you all know about."

"Have you got the franchise yet?" asked a bystander.

"No; but this discovery has a future. Now watch. You see, I put this little rubber ball in my hand, place the funnel over it, and will blow through the tube. When I blow I'll remove my hand and you'll expect to see the ball drop. Well, that's where you show your ignorance. Look!"

And the doctor put the ball in the palm of his hand, placed the funnel over it, and blew through the tube. Then he removed his hand and blew again, blew until his face was as red as Chicago when Debs left it.

The ball did not drop.

"There, if any one can explain that his fortune's made," continued the doctor. "I picked this up in New York. Of course, nobody can tell why the ball remains in the funnel when I blow through the tube. The result is the same with water as with air. I saw one of these funnels placed on the nozzle of a hose. A pressure of water 150 pounds to the square inch failed to remove the ball. I do not think vacuum has anything to do with it, at least the sort of vacuum they have in Gotham hasn't. It may be that we will yet evolve a sort of vacuum here that will enable us to solve the mystery. Vacuums should be kept away from air and from osmose as much as possible, otherwise they will spoil and be unfit for use as tests in settling this business.

"The way this new law was discovered was by accident. A boy in Des Moines, Ia., was sprinkling a lawn with a funnel-shaped nozzle. He had a ball in his pocket, and, to see what the effect would be, took the ball and placed it over the funnel. The ball stuck. He turned the water off and the ball fell to the ground. It is an apparent contradiction of the general law that a body which gets into the path of moving air or water will go along with the air or water. But the faster the air or water goes through this tube the more determined the ball seems to be to go against the current. It's one of the things we have to pass to the next century for solution."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

STUMPED.

With All Her Knowledge She Failed Disastrously.

"I am the peer of any man!"

As she uttered these words of proud defiance Finda Saycal drew herself to her full height and scornfully gazed at the group of savants that surrounded her. All but one of the throng cringed before her, as if acknowledging her claim, so great was her erudition, so masterful was her manner.

The one who cringed not was hardly a savant. He was a professional base ball umpire, with a large, aggressive looking pompadour and black eyes that regarded her with a look of confident cunning.

One by one the savants questioned her. She answered questions in French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and Norwegian. She read Greek, Latin and Hebrew at sight, and she called Sanskrit "easy."

"Gentlemen," she pleaded at last, "try to make it more interesting for me. This is mere kindergarten work."

A noted Egyptologist then stepped forward as the forlorn hope of the baffled savants. Amid breathless excitement he endeavored to humble her with a cuneiform inscription, but she deciphered it as readily as a child would have prattled her A B Cs.

"Your worst," she cried mockingly. "There is nothing I cannot understand."

"What, nothing?"

It was the umpire, with the aggressive pompadour and the keen cunning eyes, who spoke. There was a cynical smile on his lips.

"Nothing! Nothing!"

She repeated the words as defiantly as ever, but there was a startled look in her eyes as if she knew she possessed one vulnerable point and feared he had found it.

"Nothing in English would puzzle you, I suppose?"

"Chaucer without a glossary or Browning without a key, of course," she sneered, "but just for me. And as a magazine poetry—I can tell you what it means when it doesn't mean anything. There is nothing I cannot understand."

"What, then, does this mean?"

Taking from his pocket a morning paper, he read aloud: "Nichols found the leather for the left-field fence. Low cracked a single, sending Nichols to second. Long smashed a corking three-bagger through Eddie Burke, and the cranks had heart failure as two of the Bean Eaters sprinted across the plate. Rusie's next ball twisted like an elongated bedspring, but Duffy pushed his big bat against it for a single. He fell asleep on first later, however, and was nalled by Amos' catapult throw. Tucker's pop fly was pie for Davis, and Nash fanned the ether three times, sending Beantown to the field. The Giants were goose-egged in their half. Rusie banged a twister with whiskers on it to the infield, but the leather beat him out at first. Tiernan fouled out. Stafford touched Nichols for three bags, but died when Farrell popped a fly."

Pausing, the umpire transfixed the new woman with triumphant eyes that seemed to burn into her very soul.

"What does that mean?" he demanded.

With a shriek of despair Finda Saycal fell to the floor.

"Lost! Lost!" she moaned.

The base ball reporter's lingo was the one thing on earth she could not understand.—St. Louis Republic.

The Farmer Girls of La Crosse.

The sandy soil in this vicinity is delightfully soft and easy to work, says the staff correspondent of a West Superior paper. Therefore a great many women may be seen in the fields laboring side by side with the men.

Quite a large number of them smoke.

I have found that they carry their pipes in their garters.

Every day, therefore, I take a long walk in the country.

It is deliciously interesting to see the farmer girls prepare for a smoke.

Our New Serial Story.

[Copyright, 1895, by ERNEST GLANVILLE.]

THE GOLDEN ROCK.

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE UNKNOWN.

"Thank Heaven you are alive," cried Miss Anstrade, taking his hand in both of hers, and looking with tear-dimmed eyes into his face. "It seemed I was not free here from the curse that falls on those who are dear to me." She drew him to a seat, still holding his hand, and Webster, busily engaged in making hot coffee, stopped at times to place his hands affectionately on Frank's shoulder.

"And where have you been all this fearful night?"

"Tied to a tree. Three times the light from your lantern fell upon me and twice a hyaena came and stared at me. Ugh, the brute!"

"Tied to a tree! How did it happen, and that voice, did you hear it calling?"

Frank shuddered slightly.

"I heard it," he said, "and I would have thought it supernatural, so like my uncle's voice it was, had it been possible for a spirit to knock me down and bind me."

They all sat silent or some time pondering over the mystery.

"It is beyond me," said Hume, wearily. 'When I left you last night I expected to find some black, perhaps a woman, from the terror in the sound of her cry, fallen into the river, or caught by a crocodile, and I ran down to the bank, making noise enough to inform any one of my whereabouts. On reaching the river I stood still, and without the slightest warning was felled to the ground. On recovering consciousness I was bound to a tree and gagged. It all happened within the space of ten minutes after leaving the wagon."

"The cry was a decoy, then—?"

'It must have been."

'You saw no one?"

"No, nor heard the step of my assailant, though at the time I was listening intently."

"What possible object could he have had," mused Webster, "since it was not your death he sought? Do you think he mistook you for someone else?"

"Impossible! Whoever did it must have watched us, and he could only have mistaken me for you. No one has a grudge against you."

"I see it," cried Miss Anstrade, who had been looking, with knitted brows, into the fire. "Just before dusk we were talking of the Golden Rock. It was possible for an enemy to creep up undetected and listen to our talk."

"Yes," said Hume, and he felt for the pocketbook that contained the map.

"That is it," she cried; "they have taken your secret."

Frank opened the book with trembling fingers, while the others gazed anxiously, leaning forward.

"It is gone," he said, starting up.

While they looked at other with pale faces klaas came up.

"Baas," he said, in a low voice.

"Well," said Hume, sharply.

"De ossa is gone."

"What," shouted Hume, glad for some excuse to give vent to the anger and bitter disappointment that filled him.

"They were stampeded by lions," said Webster.

"Didn't I tell you to have them properly tied?"

"Yoh, my Bass! But the rheims; some one cut them in the night. Come, see!"

"Good heavens! Can this be true?"

They ran to the trek tow, and there saw that the tough rheims which secured each ox to the chain had been severed by a sharp instrument.

Hume laughed bitterly. "Upon my soul," he said, "you must think me a nice leader."

"We can walk," said Miss Anstrade, looking toward to the distant mountains.

"We could make a raft from the wagon timber, and float down the river," said Webster.

"It is not the loss of the oxen I fear. We will recover enough of them to continue; it is the ease with which these unknown enemies have succeeded in their plans that troubles me. Now that I have lost the map I believe there does exist a Golden Rock, and their cunning and superior woodcraft will enable them to win it."

"Nonesense," she said; "they succeeded because we were off our guard. Now we know what we have to expect, we will oppose our wits to their cunning."

Klaas set the example of starting off on the spoor of the oxen, armed with assegia and kerrie. Miss Anstrade sat down to draw, from memory, a fac-simile of the lost map; Hume walked on to a small kopje to plan out the route, for there was no trace of road here; while Webster went down to the river to see whether he could decipher any explanation of the night's mystery on its broad and shining surface. Long he listened to the murmur and ripple of the shallow river again; huge and jagged boulders strewn across its bed, and gazed into the dark beds of shade cast by the wild palmiet, but nowhere was there any trace of human life. As he went down the bank, in and out among the thick bushes and clinging thorns, he started a troop of wild buffalo, which crashed off with many an angry snort, and a minute later was brought to a sudden stand by a moaning sound of no great volume, but conveying an undoubted warning. It proceeded from a cluster of rushes, and he moved his head from side to side in an endeavor to see what caused it, succeeding presently in detecting a slight movement made apparently by a small creature like a rat. Smiling at his doubts, he stepped forward, when once again the moaning was repeated and he stooped down to peer more narrowly into the thicket. Then he saw that the small object was the tuft of a tail, and following the direction, he made the indistinct outline of a large animal crouching flat, and then with a start he met the full fierce gaze of the yellow eyes. Cautiously he stepped back foot by foot until he reached the shelter of a tree, when the rushes shook, and out sprung a full-grown lion, which after one look at him, trotted off after the buffalo which he had evidently been stalking.

"Phew," said Webster, his heart thumping, "I suppose Frank would have shot the beggar, but hang me if I wasn't pleased to see him cut."

He waited for some time until his heart beat more regularly, then advanced with greater caution, examining each cluster of rushes and dark patches of bushes very carefully before passing. Half a mile further on the river took a bend and swept against a rampart of huge rocks flanked by a kranta, the home of a pair of white-headed eagles, whose harsh screams wakened wierd echoes. Attracted to the wild spot, Webster stepped on one of the rocks, which jutted into the swirling water, to examine the kranta, and, noticing that caverns had been worn into the base by the water, he sprang from rock to rock till his way was barred by a smooth wall of slaty rock, which rose considerably above his head. Clinging his rifle over his back, he made use of his seamanship and quickly scaled the slope, slipped down on the other side, maneuvred a narrow ledge, and stood in the first of a row of caves. There was nothing in this but a half-eaten fish, left evidently from the signs of an otter, but on rounding a slippery corner he entered a roomier cave. To his intense surprise, he saw that it had been occupied, and that recently. The walls and roof were blackened with smoke; on the smooth floor was a pile of ash, with the burnt ends of drift wood around; and on the ledge at the back was a mass of dried grass, which had evidently served as a couch. He disturbed this with his gun, and dislodged a skin bag, made of the entire skin of a monkey, the neck serving as an opening. Stepping to the mouth of the cave, he emptied its contents. These consisted of a copper cylinder, such as Kaffirs use to keep their "passes" clean, a necklet of crocodile teeth, a bracelet of solid ivory stained with tobacco, and a lump of quartz rounded at the edges from friction. There was nothing in the cylinder, and Webster, after a curious inspection of the quartz, which was heavy as lead almost, replaced the articles and returned the bag to the ledge. He entered two other caves without finding anything fresh, and returned to the wagon, where he reported his discovery.

"You saw nothing to indicate whether the occupant was a European?" asked Hume.

"No; and Ito ok it for granted that he must be a black."

"Natives don't, as a rule, lead solitary lives, and still less could one of them dwell in loneliness by the side of a river, though the place may be the secret retreat of a witch doctor."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Anstrade, "the unknown visitor of last night and this hermit may be one and the same."

"Well," said Hume, "it is worth looking into, but in the absence of Klaas it would not be wise to leave the wagon."

"I'll run down and get the bag," said Webster, "for there is nothing else in the cave from which you could draw conclusions." He started off, and in half an hour returned with the bag.

"This is Kaffir work, certainly," said Hume, "but," putting it to his nose, "it is not the native flavor, strong and puncent. This string of teeth is native, and so is this bracelet. Humph! Quartz! What a weight!" He opened his knife and scraped the surface. "Why, look here, it is half gold."

A streak of shining yellow showed on one side between two white veins of crystal.

"It's as rich as that piece which my uncle broke from the Golden Rock. I wonder where he found it."

"There is something more in the bag," said Miss Anstrade.

"It's the empty cylinder," said Webster.

She slipped her hand in, drew out the little tube and opened it, at the same time uttering a cry of surprise.

"Look here," she said, drawing out a roll of paper.

"I swear," said Webster, with excitement. "It was empty when I found, for I placed my finger in."

She flattened the paper out, and looked at them with eyes wide opened and a flush in her cheek.

There in her hand lay the missing copy of the map!

Each in turn took it, turned it over and over with a blank look.

"Well, I'm hanged," muttered Webster, under his breath. "That fellow must have placed that paper in the tube after I left the cave, and probably watched me the whole time, yet I never caught a glimpse of him."

"He is some half-witted native," said Hume, after a long pause.

"You forget the cry after your disappearance. That was the voice of a white man who knew you or your uncle, and had learned the object of our journey."

"True, I had forgotten that. Still, one of my uncle's men, escaping from the attack made upon his camp, may have taken up his home in the cave, and have lost his mind in the solitude. Such a man might have learned about the Golden Rock, and he would have picked up a few words of English."

They now heard the lowing of oxen, and presently Klaas appeared with the runaways. Hume quickly counted fifteen.

The Galka stretched his naked arm out and swept it round. "They stood all about, some in one place, some in others, but I whistled to them, and now we know what we have to expect, we will oppose our wits to their cunning."

"Klaas, what are these things?" and Hume handed over the bag and contents.

"Yoh! Kaffir man made these, but a white man uses them."

"A white man?"

"Yah, sieur, it is so. It smell white men."

The three looked at each other with uplifted eyebrows, while Klaas turned the necklet over in his hand.

"That settles it," said Hume; "let us search for the stranger. But as he may be on the lookout, I will make a circuit to the top of the krantz while you go towards the base, and leave the bag on some rock that can be seen from above."

This was done. Webster placed the bag on a rock well out in the river, and then retired towards the camp, while Hume watched behind an aloe. For an hour he waited without seeing aught, then descended to the bottom, and himself examined the cave, without, however, finding any fresh evidence. He then returned to the camp.

"It is no use," he said; "we would be wasting valuable time in search for this mysterious being. If he had some design in taking that map we would be serving his purpose by lingering here. Inspan, Klaas."

The oxen were yoked, and the wagon moved on slowly, Hume going ahead to mark out the road, and Webster taking the "trek-tow," or looped rheim, to guide the leaders.

Before dusk they outspanned on a grassy knoll, and set at once with axes to build a fence round. The oxen were driven to the water, allowed to graze a short time, then driven into the enclosure and tied up. Fuel was stacked up in preparation for fires, supper was made and eaten, and then they sat talking about the man of the krants until the clamorous howling of jackals warned them to be on watch. Miss Anstrade retired to the wagon, the sail was drawn down, and two huge fires lit, one on either side of the oxen. Hume crept under the wagon and was soon in a deep sleep, while Webster and Klaas on either side the wagon, kept watch.

CHAPTER XXII.—A STARTLING VISIT.

To Webster there was nothing unfamiliar in the lonely watches of the night, and the first long silent stretch recalled to him many a fleeting memory of hours spent upon the bridge amid the dark water, when the mystery of night would close down upon the ship, bringing with it all manner of fancies and haunting superstitions. There was here, in this unpeople land, the same brooding stillness, the same murmur in the air and the deep darkness, too, was instinct and alive with the same sense of things unreal. It seemed as though, beyond the flickering circle of ruddy light cast by the crackling fires, there were forms peering in, under cover of the shadows which concealed them, at those within the light, and now and again he would strain his eyes, and finger the rifle that rested across his knees.

The minutes slipped by quietly, with an occasional sigh from a contented ox; then the long wailing cry of a jackal rose and fell, to be followed, as though it were a signal, by the deep hollow growl of a lion. The oxen stirred uneasily, and Klaas came softly up with his red blanket wrapped round him.

"Seen anything, Klaas?"

"Nix, sieur; but I hear de leeuw."

"Will he jump the fence?"

"Ek dink so. The wind blows across and he will come from that side."

"We will hear him when he springs?"

"Neh, baas, he will come over where it is dark, and lie still against the ground, so that we could walk up to him without seeing, though he sees us."

Webster picked up a bull's-eye lantern, pushed back the slide, and shot a vivid fan-like shaft in the gloom.

"Come, then; you hold this, and I will shoot."

They piled fresh wood on the fires, then mounted to the wagon-box, and tried the range of the light over the oxen. At the radiance they turned their heads, and their large eyes shone reflected. Webster pushed back the slide, and they sat waiting, the one with his finger on the trigger of his Express, and the other with the lantern, which sent up a steaming vapour into his face, and a faint reflection shining upon his gleaming eyes.

Presently, just beyond the fence on the right, there broke out a booming roar that made the air vibrate, and brought the oxen to their feet. It died away in a hollow growl, and was repeated again and again from different quarters. The oxen bunched together, and Miss Anstrade knocked against the tent, while Hume called out from his lair beneath the wagon.

"It's all right," said Webster, "the fires are burning and we are prepared."

Hume crept out, and finding that the back of the wagon was unprotected, he hung a lantern there and then went back to his couch, with the muzzle of his rifle pointing into the light thus thrown.

Klaas called out to his oxen by name to soothe them, and at the sound of his voice the two great red and white wheelers laid down with a grunt.

For a time there was a spell of stillness, more disquieting than the terrific chorus that had awakened far-off echoes from every roving troop of jackals.

"De leeuw talk now," whispered Klaas.

"Talk—what about?"

"They tell what they do. The young ones wait over there and shout; the old man creep round on this side, say nothing, and jump over."

"And you think they are settling that plan now?"

"Yoh, sieur, they make plan, bymby begin work. See there?"

A second burst of roaring made the ground tremble, and the movement and vibration in the air seemed to communicate more quickly the terror in the sound. It swelled, and fell, and rose again, and at each pause the after growl came in more threatening and ferocious.

"There, Baas," said the Galka, in a thrilling whisper, dropping his long hand in a fierce grasp on Webster's arm.

"What?" asked Webster, raising his rifle, and looking eagerly to the left.

"He jumped just now. Is the Baas ready?"

"Yes."

The slide was opened, and the brilliant light, released, shot out into the darkness beyond the fires, and under the steady hand of the Galka swept along the fence, throwing out the white scars on the broken branches. It crept back again, and the two men, with eager eyes and every nerve alert, followed the beam for sign of the fierce visitor. Three times the light swept over the ground, and Webster leveled his rifle; but just then the lamp was held still, and the Kaffir made a slight noise, while his breathing became quicker.

Webster followed the light in vain. "What is it?" he whispered.

"Skit, Baas, skit!" said the Kaffir.

"I can see nothing."

"There, there, sieur!" pointing with his assegai.

Suddenly out of the path of the light near the ground and apparently detached from any object, glared two balls of yellow fire, and at the same time came a low growl.

Guided now by these two luminous orbs, Webster saw a faint outline on the yellow ground.

The Kaffir clicked with his tongue impatiently.

Webster sighted between the eyes and fired.

Upon the report there followed a savage roar, and the next moment the wagon shook to the thud of some great body hurled against it.

There was a shriek from the wagon, then a muffled report.

"What is it?" shouted Hume, as he crept out from under the wagon. He caught the lantern and rushed around just as Webster had clipped another cartridge into his rifle. The uproar was terrific. The oxen bellowed as they strained at their rheims, the lions beyond the fence roared, and from beside the wagon there rose a series of blood-curdling growls and coughs. Both guns flashed out together, and the assailant laid stretched out. It was a huge, yellow maned lion, still gasping. The Kaffir drove home his assegai into the heaving body, and then both Hume and Webster rushed to the wagon.

"Are you all right?" they cried.

She drew the canvas flap on one side and looked out, with her hair falling forward in heavy coils.

"What was it?" she asked.

"A wounded lion sprung upon the wagon tent."

"Is any one hurt?"

"No; but the lion is dead."

"I thought something dreadful had happened, and fired as much from terror as anything."

Hume rolled the great body over and examined it.

"Your bullet went home at any rate, Miss Laura, and you have killed your first lion."

"Let me see." She drew her wraps about her, and was about to descend when, with a shudder and a nervous laugh, she crept back dismayed by the darkness.

The three men now walked round the enclosure, fired a couple of chance shots, restarted the fires, and returned to their posts. The uproar had subsided, and was succeeded by another spell of oppressive silence, broken at lessening intervals by a vague sound, which grew in volume, but not in distinctness, and before which the other sounds did not revive. Again it grew, and it took on a rythmical beat, not unpleasant.

"It sounds like a human voice," said Webster.

"Yes, it is a black man chanting, eh, Klaas?"

"Ewch, inkose, he sings as he walks;" and so speaking the Kaffir stretched himself by the fire and drew his blanket over his head.

"He evidently fears no danger," remarked Webster.

"I don't know," said Hume, and stirred the Galka," what manner of man can this be who walks abroad in the night, making sign of his presence to the lions?"

"It is a wizard," replied the Galka, solemnly, "and it is not well to look on him. Even the beasts quit his path; and once again he pulled the blanket over his head.

The man approached rapidly, and now the deep chest notes rolling forth in a rough melody took shape from the mighty volume of sound, and now he was at the fence; and now, with a cry of "Bayete," he leaped in the thorns—a wonderful bound; and still chanting, he came up to the wagon, paused a moment at the body of the lion, then stepped to the fire and stood there with the glow upon his tall form and in his smouldering eyes. A black man he was, of gigantic mould, with a tiger skin Knotted by the four paws round his neck, and with a mass of bone necklets that clattered at every movement. On his forehead was a large ball of hair, behind which rose two eagle's feathers, and he carried a bundle of sticks and assegais, while from his shoulder hung a large skin bag.

"Who are you and what is your business?" asked Hume, after looking intently at the stranger.

The man shook his head and his w

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Arguments for "16 to 1."

H. C. J., Gilmore City, Iowa, and J. W. B., Buffalo, Mo.: You will see, by reading our announcement on the fourth page that we have a free coinage champion who will support that side of the argument.

We have obtained arguments on the other side chiefly because the West and South are full of "free coinage at 16 to 1" books and papers, and hardly anything on the other side. Again, no one can say that the position of the free silver people has been misstated in The Blade in any particular. We have challenged this time and again in our discussion of "Coin," and have not yet had one person try to point out any misstatement of the position held by the free silver men.

Why a Silver Dollar is Worth $1.

"One of the People," Farmvale, Neb., writes us a long letter which we cannot give entire for lack of space; but we will touch the salient points:

"You say in one article that it is the intrinsic worth of a metal that gives it its value. Now, the same week I received you one new subscription for subscription to the Blade, the intrinsic value of which was about 50 cents. Now, will you please tell me what the balance of the dollar was?"

The reason a silver dollar circulates at its face is because practically the government redeems it in gold. You can exchange a silver dollar at a bank or store, or at the Treasury, for a $1 Treasury note. The Treasury will redeem that note in gold. Thus, while the government does not redeem silver dollars directly in gold, it does indirectly.

You misunderstand the point. The free silver contention is to give silver free coinage at 16 to 1, and make it money of final redemption, the same as gold. That would, as we have explained and shown, over and over again, simply bring us to the silver standard, and cut the actual worth of the dollar in two. It would at once contract the currency by $600,000,000 of gold, which would at once disappear from circulation.

With regard to your point about the overproduction of silver causing its decline, see answer elsewhere in the Bureau of this week, "What Fall in Silver." That answers the exact question you ask. You are undoubtedly sincere, but you have studied only the one side of the question, and that the fallacious one.

Furthermore, we sympathize most heartily with the farmers of Nebraska who are in dire straits through the drouth of last year, but the free coinage of silver won't help them, unfortunately. In fact, it would ruin the country. We mean free coinage at 16 to 1, and the cutting of the purchasing power of the dollar in half. Don't imagine for an instant that all Republicans who are opposed to it are scoundrels, for they are not. The trouble is that the West has been filled with years and years of falsehoods on the money question, that the people have come to the conclusion they are true, when they are not.

Effect of Free Coinage.

C. C. H., Nasbie, Va., asks: "If Congress at the next session should bring about the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, giving preference to neither of the two metals, gold or silver, as in 1873, would silver fall immediately to its bullion value? I mean would it not buy, to the farmer or any one else, its face value in merchandise, etc?"

It would thus be made a money of final redemption, and its purchasing power would be only its value as bullion. That is the case the world over. There are only two kinds of money, primary money, which is coin, whose value depends on the amount of the precious metal in it; and credit money, which is a promise to pay primary money. Our primary money is gold. The silver dollar is but a form of credit money, because it gets its value of $1 because the government holds it up to the gold dollar. (See answer elsewhere in this week's Bureau, headed "Way a Silver Dollar is Worth $1").

Gold would go to a premium, and disappear utterly from circulation. The dollar of account would then be the silver dollar, and it would buy only half as much as the gold dollar does now.

The farmer who now gets 60 cents, gold value, per bushel for his wheat would then get $1.20 in silver. Where he now pays 5 cents a pound for sugar, he would then pay 10 cents; he would pay $30 for a suit that now costs him $15; he would pay $7 for a pair of shoes that now costs $3.50; his wife would pay 14 cents a yard for calico that now costs 7 cents. In other words, the price of everything would be doubled.

Some of the further effects would be: The pensioner who now gets $12, gold value, per month, would then get $12, silver value, which would buy only half as much as now; the man with a life insurance would have the actual value cut in half; the man whose house is insured would have to double his insurance, to get the same value in case it burned; every workingman who has money in a savings bank would lose half of its actual value, because his certificate of deposit calls for so many "dollars," and a dollar then would be the silver dollar. Every man who had money owing him would lose half the debt.

It would seem from this that men owing money would have an advantage. They could pay their debts with just half what they can now. But every dollar thus gained by one man would be lost by another. Some people think this loss would fall upon the rich, and the gain come to the poor. They forget that the largest loans made are by insurance companies, savings banks, and so on, whose money is but the aggregation of the savings or premiums of men unable to lose them. The loss would fall on the depositors and policy-holders, and not on the corporations. Then all manufacturers, wholesale merchants, and others doing a large business are large borrowers, and certainly are not among the poor. It would be a gigantic steal, and would plunge us into a financial panic the worst we ever saw. That of 1893 would be nothing to it.

A Mistaken Correspondent.

C. B. Mayfield, Kan., writes us a long letter—too long to publish in full. He says: "Let the United States remonetize silver at the old ratio, and let the Belmonts, the Rothschilds, and all other bondholders at home and abroad know that we intend to pay bonds in the very money the contract calls for. When they find that they have got to take silver as well as gold, it will be to their interest to maintain at all times the parity between the two metals, and they will do it."

Alas, dear friend, all this is glittering theory, and the facts prove it untrue. Mexico is a silver standard country, for instance, and her trade balance has to be paid in gold, and it takes $2 in Mexican silver to buy $1 in gold. Then you are laboring under an error in supposing that United States bonds are largely held abroad. Some of them are, but the bulk are held here. There are about two billion dollars, it is estimated, of American securities held abroad, but they are railway, steamship, brewery, iron mill, cordage mill, cotton mill, flour mill, steel mill, and other industrial stocks and bonds. Furthermore, the bulk of them stipulate "gold" for both principal and interest. Since the war over free silver began, about 1875, it has been found more and more necessary every year, in order to find a market abroad for such securities, to stipulate for the payment of principal and interest in gold.

The reason is plain. Silver is not money in the great European countries. Of course it is used for small coin, but it is not legal tender. A man who has money to loan won't want silver in payment any more than he wants wheat, or butter, or coal oil in payment. Bonds payable in gold can be floated at a lower interest rate than if it is not specified.

Furthermore, when coin is sent abroad to pay debts, it is always taken by weight, not by its face. If $10,000 is to be paid, the gold is weighed, and the coin is taken at what they are worth as bullion. With gold there is no loss (unless from worn coins), because a gold dollar is worth $1 as bullion. But it would take 220,000 in the silver dollars to make the weight of $10,000, because a silver dollar is worth only about 50 cents as bullion. No law of ours can make it worth its face abroad.

So you can understand why you say foreign bankers would find it to their interest to take silver. It would not be nor would there be any way of compelling them to do it. Why talk about reasons of the impossible? Drop wild theories, born of lack of knowledge of the actual conditions of finance, and look at the question in the light of facts.

Furthermore, you are mistaken in saying the silver dollar would buy as much under free coinage as now. See the answer in another part of this week's Bureau, headed "Effect of Free Coinage," for the truth of that matter.

Some Silver Questions.

F. W. H., Davenport, Neb., writes: "I am carefully reading the interesting examination of Coin's statements, and am glad to see so much valuable information brought to light, for you have a large family of intelligent readers.

"Now that you have got this far along with your examination, it will not do to allow facts to pass by on distorted representation.

"Isn't it a fact that has been verified and attested to by every producer of the United States from 1792 to 1873, that the dollar was the unit of account, and this dollar was the silver dollar, with gold as its associate, until 1873, under bimetallic law?"

The law of 1792 and that of 1834 tried to create bimetallism. They both provided for an unit, which was to be measured as to value by so many grains of gold or so many grains of silver. How else could there be real bimetallism? Where one metal is the standard and the other a mere companion, it is monometallism. We have been amazed, during all of the "Coin" discussion, that every one can not see that Coin's claim is really that we were on a silver monometallic basis from 1792 to 1873.

It matter not whether the single unit piece was coined of gold or of silver, or of neither. Mr. Harvey admits it does not matter. See his remarks in the fourth day's debate, page 7, of Weekly Blade of July 25.

No one denies that the law provided for bimetallism; but the fact is that history shows us that just as soon as the number of grains of gold in the gold dollar became more valuable than the number of grains of silver in the silver dollar, as bullion, the gold coins disappeared from circulation, being more valuable as bullion than as money.

That was the reason the law was changed in 1834. What other reason can you give? But a wrong ratio was again established, with the result that the silver in the silver dollar was a little more valuable than the gold in the gold dollar. So our silver disappeared from circulation.

That is: The actual, real, commercial standard of value was silver from 1792 to 1834; it was gold from then to 1862; it was a greenback dollar from then to 1878; it has been the gold dollar ever since.

This questioner then goes on to say:

"In the table of gold and silver coinage shown in your issue of June 20, why do you omit the $95,000,000, of fractional silver coinage? These were parts of units, which as a whole (gold was a collection of units, and all of full primary and redemption value, and together with the $20,000,000 of foreign silver coin, formed the principal circulating money."

The reason the fractional silver coins were omitted was simply that the table did not contain them in the report from which we copied it. It makes no difference one way or the other, for the majority of them were used as bullion, and because of this they were reduced to token coins, by lessening the amount of silver in them, so as to make them stay at home. In point of fact, therefore, they were not part of the circulation, because they had been exported, or used at home as bullion. The real circulating medium of the country was mostly bank notes. Why cling to a pretty but unirue theory, when the facts are beyond dispute?

A Coinage Point Explained.

W. S. B., Anthony, Kan., writes:

I would respectfully ask an explanation of the statement made in the Weekly Blade of June 20, on the "Coin's Financial Schol Discussion." The statement is:

"As a result, our silver dollars after 1834 were melted into bullion, because they were worth more then than as coin. As a result we were on a gold monometallic basis from 1834 to 1873."

"In the same article, I find there were over 9½ million silver dollars coined during that period.

"What I cannot understand is, why men should want bullion coined into silver dollars, at a loss of $30 on each $1,000, and who met that loss, the owner of the bullion or the government?"

The loss was entirely that of the owner of the bullion. Remember, that at that time there was no silver mined in the United States. The silver which was used for coin was therefore foreign coin, or articles of silver, or bullion imported. There were no steamships, no railways. It took three or four weeks for a sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic. Communication between interior points was by wagon, or stage-coach, or horseback. Hence there could not be quick transfer, such as we now enjoy. All these things must be remembered in order to realize the condition then existing.

The stamp of the government on a coin is a guarantee of its fineness. Old Spanish, Mexican and other foreign coins varied in fineness. Silver plate, or other articles of silver, and silver bullion, varied in fineness. Its quality, and therefore its value, could not be determined without an assay. Hence, it was cheaper, all things considered, to take such silver to the mint, where it was assayed and coined free of charge, and thus put into a form that would pass anywhere, than to sell it as bullion, and pay the expense of an assay.

A loss of $30 on $1,500 is less than two cents on the dollar. This was the cheapest way of putting silver into merchantable form. Your question illustrates what we have so often said—that much of the free coinage sentiment is based on lack of positive knowledge of the facts.

A Compositor's Error.

J. S. B., Minneapolis, Minn., R. J. L., Dennison, O., and S. E. B., Wellsville, O., call our attention to a typographical error in our editorial article, headed "A Case of Ignorance," on 4th page of Weekly Blade of July 18. The error is in this paragraph:

"At present, it takes about 32 ounces of gold to equal one ounce of silver in value."

Of course, the statement should read, "at present it takes about 32 ounces of silver to equal one ounce of gold in value."

We regret the error, which was evidently made by the compositor, but the context was so plain that it was an error that no one was deceived by it.

The Fall in Silver.

H. C. J., Gilmore City, Iowa, writes:

"In The Weekly Blade of July 11 you give statistics from an official publication, showing production of gold and silver in the world from 1792 to 1892. Why did you not tell or give your reason for silver remaining at par with gold, or the ratio remaining about the same, from 1792 to 1834, when there was about 15 per cent more silver produced than gold, and since 1873 only about 5 per cent more silver produced than gold? In the latter case it is over-production that causes the decline; now, why did it not decline when the over-production was so much greater during the period before mentioned?"

We have shown, in our discussion of Coin's Financial School, that the difference between the market ratio and the coinage ratio caused all our gold to leave us, though it was only a small difference, and after the coinage act of 1834, lessening the amount of gold in the gold dollar, the same small difference caused all our silver dollars to leave us.

Now if so small a difference did that, what must be the effect of the difference of 50 per cent, which now exists between the market ratio and the coinage ratio of 16 to 1?

Manifestly, the same thing would happen, only much quicker. Note, in the two former cases in our history that it was the CHEAPER dollar—the one worth the less as bullion—that remained as the actual standard of values, and the dearer dollar that went abroad as bullion; and that the purchasing power of the cheaper dollar was always what it was worth as bullion.

The result, then, of giving silver free coinage at 16 to 1, and abandoning the present system of holding it up to the gold dollar in value at the Treasury, would be to change the standard of values from the gold dollar, which it is now, to the silver dollar at its bullion value—or about half what it now is. And right there is reason enough for opposing any scheme which involves free silver coinage at 16 to 1.

Regarding your second question, the matter is perfectly clear. It is a fact, shown in the commercial history of the world, that the preference has been increasing for gold. The thing that stood in the way was that the supply of that metal was not great enough. The discovery of gold in California, followed shortly after by its discovery in Australia, changed this condition. Gold became plentiful enough for the world's monetary needs, and the preference so long existing among the great commercial nations for its use developed during the decade begining with 1870.

Hence, as the preference was for gold, and there was not enough for all needs, silver had a definite place and use.

To say there was "overproduction" of silver up to 1849 is to use the wrong word. "Overproduction" means to produce more than is needed, or more than can be used. There was more silver produced than gold, but that was not necessarily overproduction. This country produces about four times as many bushels of corn as of wheat, but that is not called "overproduction" of corn.

But when the great commercial countries of the world all shut their mints to silver, preferring gold, then there was a real overproduction of silver. The world's mines produced more than was demanded. Hence the price went down, and kept on going down.

Loook at this matter fairly and squarely, and you will see that the arguments of the Harvey school of financiers will not stand the test of the hard facts of history. It is only lack of exact knowledge on the part of the people which gives them any following.

The "Exchange" Argument.

W. E. M., Pepsin, Mo.: Read carefully what we say on the subject of the "run" in the first column of the discussion of "Coin" on the fifth page of Weekly Blade of July 18. That answers your first point. This questioner then goes on to say:

"You say that 'bimetallism walked a little way on two legs.' Is it not a fact that from 1792 to 1834 and from 1834 to 1873, the commercial values of the two metals did not vary from their legal ratios more than 2 per cent, which is accounted for by the cost of exchange of the two metals by different countries?"

No, that does not account for it. When you buy exchange the like of exchange is sent abroad, not the coin; that remains at home. The coin was sent abroad, not as money, but as a commodity, the same as wheat or cotton. Then, from 1834, when the difference in the value of our gold and silver coin first became great enough to make it profitable to use the gold as bullion, our gold coin was used for all kinds of gold jewelry, etc., because a goldsmith could not buy quite as much gold bullion with $10 in paper or silver as there was in a $10 gold piece. The same thing was true of silver dollars after 1834. They were used for making watch cases, chains, etc., for the same reason.

Remember, too, that the price of exchange varies. For years we have exported heavily, and our merchants have large sums lying idle to their credit in European banks, exchange will sell a little cheaper than its face, in order that those merchants may have the use of their money. In the other case, when the balance of trade is the other way, exchange is a little dearer than its face. It thus varies. But bills of exchange are bought with and sold for the ordinary currency. From 1804 to 1834 they were negotiable in silver and paper; from 1834 onward, in gold and paper redeemable in gold.

The argument is one intended to mislead men who, living far from Atlantic seaports, have no personal knowledge of the methods of foreign exchange. Remember, too, that "exchange" does not mean, as some people seem to think, a charge for exchanging the money of one country into that of another, but is exactly like your going to your home bank and buying a draft on New York or Chicago.

This questioner also writes: "You say that Madison had the coinage of silver dollars stopped to prevent the exportation of them. If that be true, it must have been a money he was in sympathy with and wished to keep at home."

The reason was simply one of saving for the government. The coinage law of 1792 provided that "it shall be lawful for any person or persons to bring to said mint gold and silver bullion," and that "the bullion so brought shall be there assayed and coined as speedily as may be after the receipt thereof, and free of expense to the person or persons by whom the same shall have been brought." (See sec. 16, act of April 2, 1792.) The stamp of the government certified to the fineness of the silver. If silver bullion were exported it would be assayed where received, at the sender's expense. By getting it coined into dollars he saved that expense. President Madison very properly considered this expense an imposition on the government, and stopped it.

DR. R. C. FLOWER OF BOSTON, MASS.

Dr. R. C. FLOWER to Make a Professional Trip Through Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

The patients of Dr. R. C. Flower will be glad to know that he has arranged a professional visit through the states of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan as follows:

Steubenville, Ohio, Imperial Hotel, Thursday, August 8.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Hollenden, Friday, August 9.
Toledo, Ohio, Burnett House, Saturday, August 10.
Columbus, Ohio, Neil House, Monday, August 12.
Dayton, Ohio, Beckel House, Tuesday, August 13.
Indianapolis, Ind., New Denison Hotel, Wednesday and Thursday, August 14 and 15.
Evansville, Ind., St. George Hotel, Friday, August 16.
Lafayette, Ind., Bramble House, Saturday, August 17.
Ft. Wayne, Ind., The Randall, Monday, August 19.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Sweet's Hotel, Tuesday, August 20.
Jackson, Mich., Hibbard House, Wednesday, August 21.
Lansing, Mich., Hotel Downey, Thursday, August 22.
Bay City, Mich., New Frazer House, Friday, August 23.
Detroit, Mich., Hotel Cadillac, Saturday, August 24.

It is claimed by Dr. Flower's friends that he can diagnose any disease of any person without asking the patient a question, and that he is the only living physician who can scientifically do so without making a mistake.

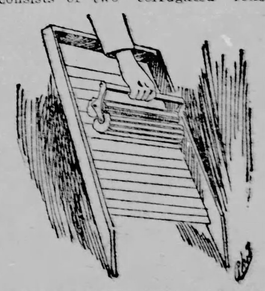
The Boston Globe says: "In the treatment of cancer, consumption, tumor, heart, and nerve troubles, Dr. R. C. Flower has no equal in the world." The Boston Traveller says: "There is no experiment in Dr. R. C. Flower's practice. Able as he is to tell any one his disease, without asking a question, he is not likely to doctor his patients for the wrong disease." The New York Tribune says: "Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, is the highest authority on chronic disease and enjoys the largest practice of any living physician."

Our readers will see that this visit of Dr. R. C. Flower to Ohio, Indiana and Michigan will enable the sick to consult him close to their homes.

WASHERWOMAN'S KNUCKLES.

Two Rollers on a Handle to Take Their Place.

A simple and effective little device to take the place of the washerwoman's knuckles is shown in the accompanying cut. It is an English idea, but may be brought to this country. It consists of two corrugated rollers



DEVICE FOR WASHING CLOTHES.

mounted on brass and furnished with a handle, and it is intended to supercede washing by hand, which method it most resembles. The principle employed is that of simple pressure, used in conjunction with an ordinary washing board, and it is claimed that not only does the appliance effect its purpose with extreme rapidity, not to be attained by hand, and without the wear of the materials treated which that method occasions, but also that by this means either laces, muslins and linens or blankets and the coarsest garments can be dealt with with equal readiness.

In Boston.

Friend—I was surprised that it took the jury ten hours to reach a verdict. The evidence seemed to be quite clear.

Ex-Juryman—We agreed on the verdict at once, but some one commenced a discussion on the literary merit of the judge's charge.—Brooklyn Life.

Summer Hearts Bend.

He—How many hearts are you going to break this summer?

She—Hearts don't break in the summer; it's too warm. They merely bend.—Harper's Bazar.

Dyspepsia Cured

"My wife has been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia. Three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have perfectly cured her. At times the lightest food would distress her terribly. She could not sleep and had dreadful sick headaches. She tried different medicines, but none did her any good. At last Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and two bottles gave relief—made her

Mrs. Otis Merritt

perfectly well. She is not now troubled with any sick headaches nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sleep well." OTIS MERRITT, Addison, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are mild and gentle.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes Sent The Blade for Review.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

How Martin Whitman Saved Oregon, by Oliver W. Nixon, the President and Literary Editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is a notable work which does credit to its author, and is full of fascination for its readers. The story is told in an off-hand way, without any effort at elegance and yet is delightful. The following gives an exceedingly meager idea of the ground covered in this volume. In the first chapter is told how the United States acquired Oregon, and how nearly it came to being turned over to England. The second chapter shows the attitude of English and American statesmen, and the neglect of Americans. The third chapter gives the romance of the early settlement and how the four Flathead Indians who appeared at St. Louis in 1842, and asked for the white man's "Book of Life," aroused the Christian people of the land. Chapter four tells of the most wonderful wedding journey ever recorded in history, while chapter six tells of the mid-winter ride of Whitman from his mission at Waillatpui to Washington in the winter of 1842-'43.

The illustrations are excellent and the mechanical work of the volume good. It is brought out by the Star Publishing Company, of Chicago.

Birds of Eastern North America, by Frank M. Chapman, is a book that should have more than a passing notice, for it is such a valuable contribution to natural history, and is the outgrowth of long years of study and careful observation. It gives, in a way that is clear and comprehensive, and yet concise and simple, keys to the species of the feathered songsters of this country, descriptions of their plumages, nests and eggs; their distribution and migrations; an account of their haunts and habits, with introductory chapters on the study of ornithology and the identification of birds. He gives a great deal of information which is new. Many of the songs of birds are expressed in musical notation, while there are also excellent attempts to imitate them phonetically in words. The illustrations are of two kinds. The full page plates are mostly in half-tones, and finely executed, but the small cuts are exceptionally well done, illustrating, as they do, the particular points the author wishes to emphasize. All of them are new, and some of them decidedly original. The volume is one of extreme excellence and one that students in this department in Natural History will soon feel that they can not get along without. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Gray Roses, by Henry Harland, is brought out in this country by Roberts Brothers of Boston. It is a collection of stories as are so many of the season's publications, under the following titles: The Bohemian Girl; Mercedes; A Broken Looking Glass; The Reward of Virtue; A Re-Incarnation; Flower o' the Quince; When I Am King; A Responsibility, and Castles Near Spain. They make good summer reading.

Legends of the Rhine, by H. A. Guerber, the author of Myths of Greece and Rome, and other works of a similar character, is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York city. It is a contribution and a valuable one to the study of Folklore, as well as a legendary guide to the Rhine. The stories have been collected from many sources, being the principal among the Rhine traditions, a knowledge of which adds so much to the pleasure of travelers through this land, with its varied and picturesque scenery.

A Question of Color is a short story published in handy volume form by Frederick A. Stokes company, New York city. The plot is not a pleasant one, nor is the story particularly well told. The least the author could have done was to have a pleasant ending, but he has made that decidedly gruesome.

Kitty's Engagement, by Florence Warden, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The detection of a crime is the motif of the story, and the discovery of the culprit is hindered by a question of personal identity. The plot is carefully developed, and the ending is a happy marriage.

Kafir Stories, by William Charles Scully, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York city. These are a collection of tales, seven in number, the scenes of which are in the far away Kafir land. They are well written, but are not by any means pleasant reading to one who does not want tragedy in the books in which he hopes to find amusement.

Francatelli's Modern Cook appears in a revised form from the press of David McKay, 23 South Ninth street, Philadelphia. This work is considered a practical guide to all branches of the culinary art, not only for this country but for France, England, Germany and Italy. The fact that its author is chief cook to Queen Victoria gives guaranty that he is likely to know what he is talking about. It has 62 illustrations, and a glossary to the whole work.

Terminations, by Henry James, is a collection of four stories under the following titles: The Death of the Lion, The Coxon Fund, The Middle Years, and The Altar of the Dead. The delicate touches of wit and the fine vein of sentiment running through his work generally are to be found here, and his admirers will not fail to enjoy. In the first story successful authors will find a humor which they can thoroughly appreciate. It is published by Harper & Bros., New York city.

Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York city, issue in a gay little volume the story of Chiffon's Marriage, by "Gyp," whose real name is La Contesse de Martel. It has been translated very well, but is not a brilliant story in any way, notwithstanding we are told that it is a great favorite in Paris. It is, however, pleasant reading.

My Literary Passions, by W. D. Howells, is one of the most charming books which have been issued within the year. It is made up of a series of essays telling of the story of the literary growth of one of the most popular writers of the day, and it is told with such simplicity and, at the same time, with such delicate touches, that one reads and reads with increasing pleasure. He carries through his enthusiasm for different writers to the end, when he declares that of all, he "has never known such supreme satisfaction" in any of them as he has found in Tolstoi. The volume is issued in neat form by Harper & Bros., New York city.

The New Moon, by C. E. Raimond, the author of George Mandeville's Husband, is a story told in the first person at a time when the narrator was approaching the close of his life. It is a story of a friendship as he names it, of a friendship which was of the deathless kind that men call love. The name came from a superstition of the narrator's wife that to see the new moon three times over the left shoulder betokened disaster. The volume is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

A Street in Suburbia, by Edwin W. Pugh, is also issued by the Appletons. It opens with the marriage of one of six schoolmates, and then comes a series of incidents telling of what happened to him from that time onward. There is some Irish wit in it, but the story itself is mediocre.

The Disagreeable Woman is one of the pocket volume stories that are so popular in these days. It is further named A Social Mystery, and the author is Julian Ralph, which fact will be sure to give the little book readers. Mr. Ralph says the idea came from reading Miss Harradan's Ships That Pass in the Night.—G. W. Dillingham, New York city.

Elements of Navigation, by W. J. Henderson, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York city. It is a neat, compact little manual, containing instructions for beginners. They are couched in clear language and are not so abstruse that they cannot be easily understood.

The Commodore's Daughters, by Jonas Lie, is translated from the Norwegian and published by the United States Book Co., New York city. This writer is exceedingly popular in his own country, where he rivals Bjornson and Ibsen, although he has left it to live elsewhere. Yet his stories are sure to have Norwegian characters, as in the present case, and the scenes are laid there. In this one a fine picture is made of the life of the Norse people, while the romance is exceedingly fascinating. The book makes an admirable presentation of an author yet unknown to American people.

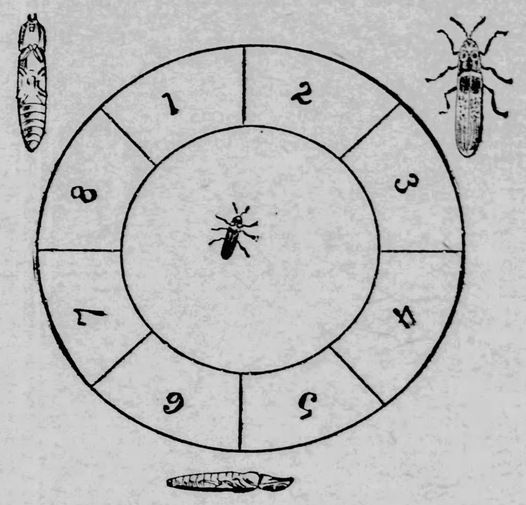
Harper & Bros. also issue the third volume of the History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850, by James Ford Rhodes. It covers the ground from 1860 to 1862, the time when the most stirring events of the war took place. Like the previous volumes, this one describes the conditions of the country and people in strong, energetic language that brings out everything as clearly as in the most vivid picture. The story has evidently been prepared with great care.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

Homemade Frame That Will Serve to Dry Handkerchiefs.

A little frame to be used in drying fine lace or linen handkerchiefs, or small pieces of lace of any kind, has appeared in the market. Drying handkerchiefs on mirrors is not a new device, but is often resorted to save them from almost sure destruction if put into the general wash, and the little frame will certainly meet a long-felt want. It is about half a yard square, and is constructed of two bars of wood, the inside edges covered with felt, and held in place by wooden pegs. These wooden bars have numerous holes in which the pegs can be adjusted to suit the size of the article to be dried, the edges of the handkerchief or lace being carefully pinned to the felt.

The frame recalls the suggestion that old-fashioned quilting frames are admirable for drying lace curtains, to be utilized instead of the back-breaking practice of pinning the curtains to the carpet. Every one who has had access to a grandmother's garret knows what



ARRANGEMENT FOR THE NEW GAME OF HINGE BUG.

these quilting frames are—simply four long pieces of wood three inches wide and an inch and a half thick, and wound with strips of cloth. The curtains are pinned to this cloth, and the frames fastened at the corners, with pegs—or, in a more primitive way, with gimlets. To wash the curtains let them lie in tepid water, to which has been added a little borax or ammonia, for an hour or two. Do not rub them, but, using good white soap, squeeze the water through and through them with the hands. Wash in two or three waters, rinse well, and, if possible, lay on the grass for twenty-four hours. Rinse again in clear water, to which a small quantity of white gum arabic water has been added. Dry on the frames, and if handled carefully the curtains will come out nearly as good as new.—Philadelphia Times.

A GOOD ASH-SIFTER

Which Will Commend Itself to All Neat and Careful Housekeepers.

Here is an ash sifter, by the use of which ashes and cinders may be separated without the inconvenience and annoyance of having the fine particles escape. It may be readily attached to or detached from an ordinary ash can or ash barrel, and the device is so simple andeffectual that the sifting may be done at the side of the stove or range.

As shown in the picture an open-end bag of canvas is attached by means of a draw string to the mouth of the can, a second draw string drawing the bag closely over and in from the edges of the

can, so that no dust can escape. The upper end of the bag is attached also by a draw string to a circular head, in which is a sieve, and a cover is adapted to be set on the head while the sifting is going on.

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age.
The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at least in comfort, peace and joy;
And not with curses on his art who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
—Cowper.

Extraordinary.

Smizler—You're foolish to buy a straw hat just at the present time.

Bizley—Why so?

Smizler—Wait until a good east wind comes, and you can get one for nothing.—Roxbury Gazette.

Matilda Enham, Columbia, Pa., says:

"That Bearing-Down Feeling

and dizzy, faint, gasping attacks left me as soon as I began to take *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound. I was sick with womb troubles so long I thought I never could get well."

HINGE BUG HAS COME.

HIS PECULIAR JUMP HAS BROUGHT OUT A NEW GAME OF CHANCE.

He's a Beetle and Very Black—Has a Double-Jointed Body.

Mexico's jumping bean has had its day, says the New York World. The "hinge bug," a New York product which, so far as known, reaches its highest development on Staten Island, is bound to be the fad of the hour.

The latter is larger, brighter, more active, more ambitious than any member of the beetle family yet discovered. He can jump farther, he is more active in many ways than any of his class, and he can simulate death like a 'possum, but what is more to the point of this story, he offers an opportunity to gamble on his movements. The next legislature may pass a law making it a misdemeanor to turn a "hinge bug" over on its back, touch it lightly with the finger on a certain spot between the thorax and the abdomen and then see it jump one, two and sometimes three feet.

At maturity the bug is about one and a quarter inches long. It has a short thorax and a long abdomen. The two eyes are tiny circles of deep black, surrounded by a white rim. Two very prominent white rings on the thorax, a quarter of an inch behind the eyes, are mistaken for the eyes upon a cursory glance.

Like all beetles, this one seems to be incased in a shell which, as a matter of fact, is but the horny covering of the wings, which at night it unfolds and uses in flying about.

It has six legs, like all beetles, and prominent attenae. It lives on the smaller insect life found on the barks of living trees and rotten logs by day and at night when on the wing devours these inferior members of its species that are out of its class. He is hard to discover, even by the most industrious and experienced bugologist. Like many other insects, he takes on the hues of his habitat. The woodpecker can find more of him in a day than all the college professors with their attendant classes could capture in a season's field work.

Everything in living nature has its means of defense. The 'possum plays dead. The chameleon takes on the color of his surroundings. Some fish disappear in a cloud of inky water. The skunk sends his pursuer back to get a change of clothes. The hinge bug lies on his back, conceals his six legs and looks like a twig. When danger has passed he makes a spasmodic movement and in some way loosens this remarkable hinge, with the result that he leaps into the air a matter of two to twenty inches, turning over in his flight, landing on his six legs and scampering off, should he land squarely. If he should fall again on his back he "lays dead" for a moment or two and then makes another vault.

When in the recumbent position a slight touch on the "hinge" causes him to forget his pretense of death and he leaps swiftly into the air. And that in a general and unscientific way is all that can be said about the "hinge bug."

It has no doubt been crawling through the woods of North America since the woods of North America took on their foliage, but it was left to an artist named Anthony, whose summer home is at Clifton, Staten Island, and who knows a great deal about bugs and other things, to introduce a few evenings ago to an assemblage of Richmond county brewers an opportunity to exchange their money through a game more rapid in its action than "penuchle." Eveller than dominoes, and fully as uncertain as "spieling the dice."

In the center of an ordinary round table a circle is drawn, one foot in diameter. Around an outer circle as many divisions as there are players are drawn, each of which bears its number. The man who owns the "hinge bug," or any one who is agreed upon for the purpose, becomes the banker.

The beetle is turned over on his back. Either the banker or the players in turn, or some outside and disinterested person, is appointed to touch the beetle at the proper spot. A coin of an agreed value is placed by each player on the numbered space before him. The center space is marked zero. When touched the bug, by a peculiar movement, doubles up like a jackknife, then suddenly springs into the air and starts off at an erratic tangent, or else goes straight up and lands again within a few inches of where it started from.

Should it fall into any one of the outer segments the man who has backed that particular space receives all the money on the board. Should it land on the dividing line the pot is divided between the two betters. Should it fall back into the center circle the banker rakes in all the coin in sight, from 10 to 25 per cent, according to agreement, being set aside for the purchase of drinks, or "the use of the house," as in the case of the "kitty" of poker.

The "hinge bug" is a nimble little cuss, but cannot stand more than an hour's steady play. Allowed to rest, and turned loose for a short time in a conservatory or near plants, where he can gain the food he craves, he soon recovers.

—A ... sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Delightful Change.

Crushed Tragedian—I am going into the heart of the wilderness to camp out for the next three weeks.

Inquiring Friend—Going into the wilderness in July? Why, man, do you realize that you'll be eaten up alive by black flies and mosquitoes?

Crushed Tragedian—My dear boy, you do not seem to comprehend that after six months' experience of these pestering critics a siege of mosquitoes and black flies would be sweet relief.—Texas Siftings.

Her Playing Effective.

Pamela—Miss Robinson's playing is very effective. I wonder if Algy was ever moved by it?

Chollie—I guess not. I passed her house about one o'clock last night and he was still there.—Harlem Life.

Bostonese.

Millicent—I hear you are now living at Lonely-wood, on the outskirts of the city.

Miriam (of Boston)—Yes; we are residing at Lonely-wood, on the outbloomers of the city.—Judge.

Never Too Old to Begin.

Bennington has probably the oldest woman bicyclist in Vermont. She is more than 60 years old, and it is said, practices almost daily on the wheel.—Pittsburg Post-Dispatch.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lump Jaw.

A Reader, Illinois: The disease you mention is known by different names—lump-jaw big jaw, and a etinomycosis. The unmstakable sign of the disease is a swelling of the jaw bones on the upper or lower jaw, in the parotid salivary gland, in the angle of the jaw in the region of the throat. Actinomycosis may also attack the tongue. The flesh of cattle attacked is considered by some unfit for use, but by many it is believed not to affect the flesh or render it unfit for human food, as the disease is generally localized and affects only the parts attacked. The fungus or parasitic growth may work its way outward or inward. Externally it appears after breaking through the skin as an offensive fungold growth. The treatment for cattle is to give iodide of potassium—one dram and one half drachms daily in one dose dissolved in a pint of water. The animal may have an unusually salvary flow, but the animal does well under the treatment, gaining in strength. After eight days reduce the quantity to one drachm. There may be free discharge from the nose, weeping of the eyes and peeling off of the entire layer of the skin, but this should cause no alarm. Unless the disease has been permitted to run too long a cure is certain. The milk of the cow is not affected unless the disease has location in the lungs. The big-head in horses is known as osteo-sarcoma, and early treatment with mercurial ointment one ounce, iodine ointment two ounces, well mixed, will effect a cure, giving at the same time internally: Calomel, one ounce; iodide of potassa, two ounces; pulverized gentian root, one and one-half ounces. Make into 20 powders, and give one night and morning.

Keeping White Rabbits.

Miss M. S., Illinois: Rabbits thrive best on a vegetable diet. In time of grass they will get along nicely with this. They will eat cabbage or other vegetables in winter time. A few rabbits are not long in destroying a nice lawn, as they will eat the grass down close to the ground. Rabbits like to have their own homes in places where dogs cannot get at them. A good plan is to make a V shaped house for them. This may be covered with soil. At one end have a door which may be opened when you wish to clean the place. Bedding of fine straw may be put in it. A hole should be cut through the door sufficiently large for them to crawl through. They will soon learn to live in the house. They will come out and play about, getting quite tame, but if you wish to save vegetables in the garden or the grass on the lawn you must confine them within a fence where their house is. In winter time they will eat clover hay if damped so that it will swell up to its size when eat. The clover should not be given to them in a sloppy condition. Rabbits are graminiverous or grass-eating animals, although they will not despise prepared grain.

Anthrax.

D. C. T. H., New Jersey: This disease is known by many names—black leg, black-quarter, charbon, quarter-ill, chancre a la Lange, etc. It is a malignant and contagious disease. The attack may be traced to damp pastures, when low lands have dried up, or where soil contains much organic matter. It is a microscopic organism known

Talmage's Sermon.

THE HUMAN EYE THE IMPERIAL ORGAN OF MAN.

Illustrating Omnipresence, Divine Care, Pride, Irreverence.

New York, July 29.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his summer preaching tour in the West and Southwest, on Sunday preached a sermon on The All-Seeing, the text selected being Psalm xciv, 9: "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists, and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it. It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square to startle, and thrill, and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, and the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the class room of the university and take the platform and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish, and reptiles, and moles, and bats, are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming in the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water; but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of Divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of Divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried until chaos was irradicated with the utterance: "Let there be light!" In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and to help and to bless the human eye, set in the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together.

Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusks. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them, and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are eight hundred contrivances in every eye. For window shutters the eyelids opening and closing thirty thousand times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed can see both day and night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvelously constructed has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lampwick—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye? The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, ninety-five millions of miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance.

The astronomer swings and moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to right focus, the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work; but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh! this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from which, to which, we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming ninety-five millions of miles at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second is obligted to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled ninety-five millions of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed, and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the Arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness of death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh! the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision! Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation or kindle with enthusiasm or expand with devotion or melt with sympathy or stare with fright or peer with villainy or droop with sadness or pale with envy or fire with revenge or twinkle with mirth or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermons. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant. "What shall I pay you in, money or lands? Anything you ask me, I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter, he said: "Oh, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heaven and the face of one's own kindred.

That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah!" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, and which cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for a half century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ, or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him. This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdan not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Locke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its master? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangels, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have no optical instruments strong enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle mid-sky, but the eagle mid-sky can see the mole mid grass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world; but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our gases, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

It passes out from the guess into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as convoy to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? But human inspection, and angelic inspection, and stellar inspection, and lunar inspection, and solar inspection are tame compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me twenty years ago," said a black man to my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old school house prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou God, seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it pecrs through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina.

The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Oh, the eyes of God! It sees our sorrows to asuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote, or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all-observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestion. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God beneath us, and God before us, and God behind us, and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression. The dramatic advocate in olden times, at night in a court room, persuaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder, and of the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close up to the face of the witness, and cried:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man, practically under that awful glare, confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that; it is under the burning eye of God. He is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs." Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation and does he not possess it himself? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

But you say, "God is in one world and I am in another world; he seems so far off from me, I don't really think he can sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun ninety-five million miles away, and do you not think God has as prolonged a vision? But you say, There are phases of my life, and there are colors—shades of color—in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life he has not gathered up in his own heart? Besides that, I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung, and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So he giveth his beloved sleep. A legent of St. Frobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend which I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh! what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent upon the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way, and for the aged of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened" when eternal daybreak comes in. What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

CANCER CURED
—AND A—
LIFE SAVED
By the Persistent Use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"I was troubled for years with a sore on my knee, which several physicians, who treated me, called a cancer, assuring me that nothing could be done to save my life. As a last resort, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking a number of bottles, the sore

began to disappear and my general health improve. I persisted in this treatment, until the sore was entirely healed. Since then, I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla occasionally as a tonic and blood-purifier, and, indeed, it seems as though I could not keep house without it."—Mrs. S. A. Fields, Bloomfield, Ia.

AYER'S
The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.
Ayer's Pills Regulate the Liver.

VERITABLE QUEEN OF THE TURF.

A Wonderful Horsewoman Brought Up in Michigan.

It is doubtful if any woman in the world—certainly not in America—can successfully dispute with Mme. Marantette the title of queen of the turf. Brought up among horses on a large Michigan farm, Mme. Marantette in infancy acquired a confidence in the

TAKING A HIGH FENCE.

saddle which has stood her in good stead ever since. At fairs in her immediate neighborhood she always won first prize by her skill in managaing horses. In 1882 she became a professional rider, and has been before the public ever since. Her first great success was won as driver of a thoroughbred team, Evergreen and Major Banks. This pair she drove to a road wagon weighing 178 pounds one mile in 1:50 1-4 at Buffalo, later beating that record a second and a quarter. She has traveled extensively giving exhibitions. It is asa high jumper that Mme. Marantette has won greatest renown, with Filemaker, her famous Canadian horse. He stands just over seventeen hands high, and is not by any means a good-looking animal. Filemaker came into Mme. Marantette's possession five years ago, and up to that time had never cleared the bars at higher than 6 feet 9 7-8 inches. Since then she has never allowed any one else to ride him. The highest jump this wonderful animal ever accomplished was at Taunton, Mass., when Mme. Marantette rode him over bars 7 feet 4 1-2 inches high. This is one inch higher than any other horse ever jumped in public, and remains the record to this day.

Filemaker's extraordinary powers are rendered still more astonishing when one learns the weight he carried. Mme. Marantette, with saddle, pad and bridle, weighed 149 pounds. As a weight-carrier Filemaker performed a still more wonderful feat in the fall of 1890, where, at the fat stock show, Louis Dotter, at 168 pounds, rode him over bars 7 feet 2 1-2 inches.

Erysipelas Cured.

East Toledo, O., July 15.—"My father always uses Hood's Pills and says they are the best that he has ever taken. I personally recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, as I was troubled with erysipelas and a bottle and a half of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I have had no return of the disease since. Miss Ollie J. Wetzel, No. 1230 Navarre Ave."

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

His Difficulty.

"Do you not sometimes have soul yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young man. I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money, but I didn't have the price of a telegram."—Tit Pits.

Not Quite What He Meant.

She—Fancy your getting off your bicycle just to come and talk to me, Mr. Brown. It's quite an honor.

He—Oh, no, Miss Robinson; as soon as I saw you sitting here I felt quite tired.—Standard.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 6, AUGUST 11, 1895.
The Brazen Serpent.

Golden Text: As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.—John 3:14.

LESSON TEXT.
(Num. 21:4-9.)

4. And they journeyed from mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom: and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.

5. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

6. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.

7. Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.

8. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

9. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole; and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

Illustrative Applications.

The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way (v. 4). And the Lord's way is very likely to be discouraging to the Lord's people. Whether the Lord could make a way of duty that his children wouldn't grumble over, is, perhaps, an open question; but we know that he hasn't made such a way for the average Christian to walk in to the Promised Land. There is always something discouraging in the path we travel. There are discouraging things at home—things don't always go as we would like to have them, in the best regulated family; the training of children has its discouraging aspects, and so has the training of servants. And it is often discouraging trying to keep on good terms with our neighbors, or to get along well with our subordinates or our employers, or trying to avoid wrangles in business, or in politics, or in church work. Living is in itself more or less discouraging, day by day. In fact, we can have a good deal of sympathy with those Israelites when their soul "was much discouraged because of the way."

The people spake . . . Our soul loatheth this light bread. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people (vs. 5, 6). If we will grumble over angels's food, we musn't wonder if the Lord tries a very different treatment to bring us to our senses. It is often the case that those who have least cause for complaint complain the most, and that the biggest blessings call out the fewest thanks. When we are tempted to repine at our lot, with our privations and trials so few, and our helps to enjoyment so many, it would be well for us to stop and consider whether it is an angel's food or fiery serpents that we are finding fault with. If the angel's food don't bring us into proper frame of mind, God may think it necessary to try the fiery serpents.

And the people . . . said, We have sinned (v. 7). Yes, there's nothing like a deserved punishment to bring a man to a sense of his sinfulness. It is all very well to talk about "no force like love," and "the repulsiveness of brute force," in the training of the human soul; but, as a practical matter, one lively fiery serpent could do more in bringing an Israelite to terms than a forty years' supply of bread from heaven. A smart rap on a child's knuckles is sometimes more effective, in keeping his hands out of mischief, than a peck of sugarplums would be. And the sting of one bee has had more to do with inducing a boy to let a forbidden hive alone than the sampling of every box of its honey would prove. So, all the way up in life. It is that which bites and stings and poisons which God has to use—after gentler means have failed—to bring his ungrateful and rebellious children to terms. Well is it if even this, in its time and place, is at last effective in causing the soul to cry out in conscious guilt, "I have sinned."

Pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us. There is nothing like a common sorrow to bring men together into a common sympathy. And there is nothing like a common need to bring men together in a common cry for help. When the want is universal and overpowering, the call for help will be united and hearty. Everybody prays at one time or another. Everybody is ready to pray when there is no hope except in prayer. But such praying as this is not the only praying, nor yet the best praying, possible in this life. It is well to ask God for his help when we need it, but better to thank God for his help when he has given it, and to ask him how we can show our gratitude in his service. Are you praying to have some bite or sting relieved? That is all well so far, but don't forget to thank God for the things you still have to be grateful for; and, if your present prayer is granted, let your thankfulness for it be shown in all your future life.

Every one that is bitten, when he seeth it, shall live (v. 8). Only those who know what the sting of sin is can really share in the joys of salvation. Indeed, there can be no salvation without something to be saved from. If there is no hell, there is no being saved from hell. If no sinner can be lost, no Saviour is a possibility. It is the fact of the bite that brings the comfort of a possible cure. It is the continued deadly work of the serpent that gives force and fitness to the life-giving power of the uplifted Saviour. Have you been bitten? Do you look to the Source of cure?—H Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

A Dog With a Wooden Leg.

The Spidger is a wonderful dog, or rather she has a wonderful leg, which attracted much attention when she was on view at the Aquarium dog show last week. It was made for her by her own-

THE DOG'S NEW LEG.

er, Mr. Edward Mosely, of Regent street, rather more than a year ago, and is probably the first instance of anything beyond a broomstick or pin leg, so to speak, being made for one of the lower animals.—London Sketch.

Powerful Plea.

The Judge—Have you any reason to offer why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?

The Prisoner—I ain't got much to say, but its' right to the p'int. When I shot the feller I was only doin' it fer fun, an 'here you fellers the wantin' to hang me in cold-blooded malice, so you air.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cautious.

"I suppose you want the lady's name engraved inside, sir?" said the jeweler, after Tillinghast had selected an engagement ring.

"Oh, no," replied the careful young man. "Just put inside, 'To my heart's own treasure,' or 'Star of my life.'"—Tit-Bits.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

PIGEONS IN MID-OCEAN.

AN EXPERIMENT MADE TO TEST THE VALUE OF CARRIERS.

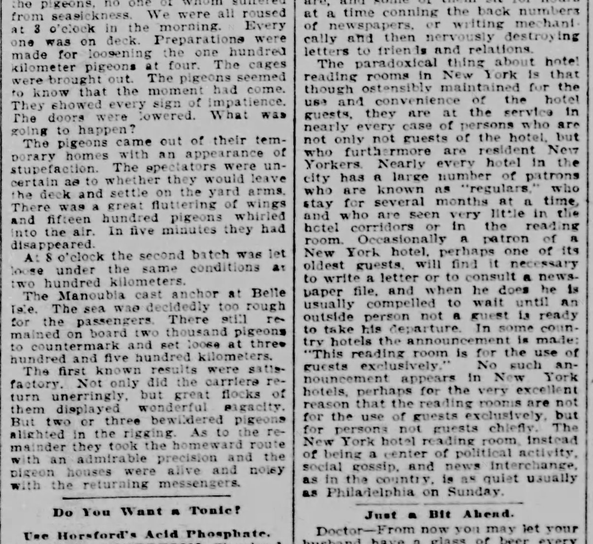
Delay in Hearing From La Gascogne Gave the Suggestion.

After the accident to the Gascogne last winter the question was asked on all sides how to get the news in the future of a vessel disabled at sea. By an extraordinary chance the Gascogne met no other steamer. How could provision be made against a parallel occurrence? Some one thought of carrier pigeons. Would they be able to stand their imprisonment on board? Would they suffer from seasickness? And, finally, being let loose, would they set out for their respective destinations, or, seized with fear, would they settle on the yards? These two points were of paramount importance.

It was for the purpose of solving this complicated problem that the Petit Journal placed itself at the head of a carrier pigeon movement. After having let loose the enormous number of sixty thousand pigeons from the Trocadero, the manager chartered an ocean steamer (the Manoubia), and invited the owners of carrier pigeons to a conclusive experiment.

It was decided to put the pigeons on board and let them loose at sea at varying distances.

June 29 was the date set for sailing. The port chosen was Saint Nazaire. All the previous day the baskets continued to arrive in such numbers that the entire night was passed in perfecting the multiplicity of arrangements necessary for accommodating so extraordinary a gathering. Five thousand pigeons as passengers! They must be received, registered, sorted, the hampers stored in such manner as to be reached conveniently according to distance, thus avoiding future confusion; each pigeon must be marked on the wing with the stamp of the Petit Journal, and be fed constantly, paying special attention to assuaging their thirst, as a pigeon can not get along without its full supply of fresh water. The plan which the owners had adopted for calling attention to their birds' thirst was very curious. On all the cages cards were tied, by



means of which the pigeons made their wants very politely known, as follows:

"A drink, if you please."

"We are thirsty."

"Some fresh water, if you please."

"Please fill our drinking cups."

The water pails circulated freely, while corn was frequently thrown into the cages.

The first sorting was done in the station, then the cages were loaded on wagons and driven to the dock, transferred on board the Manoubia—a last identification, a new sorting and adieu to terra firma. The Manoubia set out to sea by way of Croisic and Belle Isle, steering toward the west. The account continues:

The barometer said "variable." Amateur sailors as we were, we would much rather have seen the glass point to "Fair Weather!" But the enthusiasts were delighted. The wind whistled, the sky was overcast and these were excellent conditions for the pigeons, who are timid under a very brilliant glare of sunlight.

The afternoon was well employed, watering the pigeons, attaching the dispatches to the winged messengers, filling the cages for fear of a shower or countermarking them.

Night passed—badly for the landsmen—but without any discomfort to the pigeons, no one of whom suffered from seasickness. We were all roused at 3 o'clock in the morning. Every one was on deck. Preparations were made for loosening the one hundred kilometer pigeons at four. The cages were brought out. The pigeons seemed to know that the moment had come. They showed every sign of impatience. The doors were lowered. What was going to happen?

The pigeons came out of their temporary homes with an appearance of stupefaction. The spectators were uncertain as to whether they would leave the deck and settle on the yard arms. There was a great fluttering of wings and fifteen hundred pigeons whirled into the air. In five minutes they had disappeared.

At 5 o'clock the second batch was let loose under the same conditions as two hundred kilometers.

The Manoubia cast anchor at Belle Isle. The sea was decidedly too rough for the passengers. There still remained on board two thousand pigeons to countermark and set loose at three hundred and five hundred kilometers.

The first known results were satisfactory. Not only did the carriers return unerringly, but great flocks of them displayed wonderful sagacity. But two or three bewildered pigeons alighted in the rigging. As to the remainder they took the homeward route with an admirable precision and the pigeon houses were alive and noisy with the returning messengers.

Do You Want a Tonic?

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. E. W. ROBERTSON, Cleveland, O., says: "I can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc.

Apologized.

An excited military looking gentleman entered the editorial sanctum one afternoon, exclaiming:

"That notice of my death is false, sir. I will horsewhip you within an inch of your life, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue."

The editor inserted the following next day:

"We extremely regret to announce that the paragraph which stated that Major Blazer was dead is without foundation."—Tit-Bits.

What Streets Are Paved For.

Taxpayer—That's a very firm and solid piece of paving you're doing there, Patrick.

City Employe—Indade; an' it's a fine piece of worruk; and mighty glad am Oi to see it.

"Why, does it make any difference with you, Patrick?"

"Indade and it does; it will give us dooble the job a pullin' it up."—Texas Siftings.

Worth It.

Bingo (sternly)—"Bobbie, Mrs. Slimson next door says you tied a cannon cracker to her dog's tail this morning and he hasn't been seen since. Now, sir, I'd like to know what you gain by such conduct?"

Bobbie—"I gained a dollar bill from her husband."—Life.

HOTEL READING ROOMS.

Their Patrons in New York People Not Guests at the Hotels.

In one respect at least New York differs from all other American cities, and that is in regard to the importance of the reading rooms of its hotels. There are in New York 229 hotels, exclusive of apartment houses with restaurant attachments, says the Sun. Every hotel in New York or elsewhere—every genuine hotel, that is—has a reading room, and in it are to be seen gathered the most important accessories of a hotel—the news stand, the telegraph office, the telephone office, and the railroad and steamboat ticket office. In a country hotel the reading room is the seat of great activity, and it seems to be the bounden duty of the transient male patrons of the hotel, as well as the regular male boarders, to be in the reading room as long a time as possible between meals, and usually a late comer is obliged to wait his turn for a seat at one of the writing desks or tables or for a chance to read one of the newspapers which are kept on file.

According to the observations of all hotel men throughout the country, the smaller the town the more important the hotel reading room; the larger the town the less important the hotel reading room. It is apparently in corroboration of this rule that the reading rooms of most New York hotels, though furnished in attractive style and well calculated to serve the convenience of guests, are usually deserted, or, if not deserted, are patronized chiefly by persons not guests of the hotel. In other words, men not stopping at the hotel, but meeting friends in its main corridor, utilize the conveniences of the reading room. Added to these are a few of the transient guests, who for the most part come to New York on business or pleasure from great distances, and especially from interior towns. Boston men, Philadelphia men, Baltimore men, and Buffalo men are not great patrons of the reading rooms of New York hotels, but transient guests from the small towns of the country are, and some of them sit for hours at a time conning the back numbers of newspapers, or writing me-handedly and then nervously destroying letters to friends and relations.

The paradoxical thing about hotel reading rooms in New York is that though ostensibly maintained for the use and convenience of the hotel guests, they are at the service in nearly every case of persons who are not only not guests of the hotel, but who furthermore are resident New Yorkers. Nearly every hotel in the city has a large number of patrons who are known as "regulars," who stay for several months at a time, and who are seen very little in the hotel corridors or in the reading room. Occasionally a patron of a New York hotel, perhaps one of its oldest guests, will find it necessary to write a letter or to consult a newspaper file, and when he does he is usually compelled to wait until an outside person not a guest is ready to take his departure. In some country hotels the announcement is made: "This reading room is for the use of guests exclusively." No such announcement appears in New York hotels, perhaps for the very excellent reason that the reading rooms are not for the use of guests exclusively, but for persons not guests chiefly. The New York hotel reading room, instead of being a center of political activity, social gossip, and news interchange, as in the country, is as quiet usually as Philadelphia on Sunday.

Just a Bit Ahead.

Doctor—From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day—you understand?

Wife—Yes, doctor, just one glass a day.

Doctor (a week later)—Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?

Wife—Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance.—El Liberal.

In Chicago.

Mr. Porkus (to new cook)—As the water is impure, you will have to boil it.

New Cook—Yes, sor. How long shall I boil it?

Mr. Porkus—One or two minutes. If you boil it longer it may burn.—Texas Siftings.

—Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

With Tears in Her Eyes.

She was thrown on the world.

"Merciful heavens!" she gasped.

Considerable turf was knocked off the world where she struck it.

Before anybody could reach her she had risen and was swiftly leading her bicycle away.—Town Topics.

He Was Anxious.

Athlete—Did—I—break it, doctor?

Doctor—I will be plain, sir. The arm is broken, the collar bone crushed, the skull is fractured—

Athlete—No, no, no! The—did—I—break the——

Doctor—What, my son?

Athlete—Record?—Tit-Bits.

Don't make two bites at a cherry. What's the use of taking one thing for coarse, and another for fine, washing. Pearline will do it all. For washing woodwork, tinware, silver, marble, glass, dishes, carpets, or anything you can think of, Pearline is the best. It saves not only work, but wear. Let it help you in all these ways. You musn't think that the easy washing of clothes is all that Pearline is made for. 423

ODE TO THE "OLD WOMAN."

A Lay of Long Ago.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, old man,
Sweet Alice, who lived long ago,
Who wore skirts and ruffles, bonnets and curls;
And always had smiles and a beau?

SWEET ALICE WHO LIVED LONG AGO.

And am old when women are new,
Tho boys of to-day may be pitied, old man;
To them ignorance only is bliss,
While you and I can never forget
The thrill of an "old woman's" kiss.
—M. Allen Eddy, in the Chicago Chronicle.

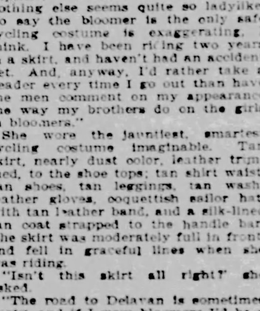
NOW WOMEN ARE NEW.

We liked her much in those days, old man—
The days only few can remember,
Before women became new and men were old,
And we always knew a he from a her.

We may have become old-fashioned, old man;
We may be of the time long ago;
But I long for the days of bonnets and curls,
When skirts reached to boots and below.

Alice was one of that sort, old man;
You remember her—so modest and neat;
She never wore bloomers nor rode on a bike,
And did not buy margins on wheat.

But in all this there is comfort, old man—
Comfort for me and for you.
I am glad I was young when women were old



BLOOMERS OR SKIRTS?

Some Pretty Frank Talk at a Wisconsin Summer Resort.

A correspondent writing from Delavan, Wis., to the Chicago Inter-Ocean notes the arrival of the "cycliste" there in great numbers. She is of all ages and sizes and of three distinct types, namely, the one who wears bloomers, the one who wears "knicks," and the one who is nattily skirted to her shoe tops. One charming young woman, who has one of the prettiest homes at the lake, said she wore a skirt because in her north side set nothing else would be tolerated. Another delightful girl said she wore a skirt because the man she was engaged to wouldn't ride with her in bloomers.

The dearest girl of all was still more explicit: "I wear a skirt because nothing else seems quite so ladylike. To say the bloomer is the only safe cycling costume is exaggerating, I think. I have been riding two years in a skirt, and haven't had an accident yet. And, anyway, I'd rather take a header every time I go out than have the men comment on my appearance the way my brothers do on the girls in bloomers."

She were the jauntiest, smartest cycling costume imaginable. Tan skirt, nearly dust color, leather trimmed, to the shoe tops; tan shirt waist, tan shoes, tan leggings, tan washleather gloves, coquettish sailor hat, with tan leather band, and a silk-lined tan coat strapped to the handle bar. The skirt was moderately full in front, and fell in graceful lines when she was riding.

"Isn't this skirt all right?" she asked.

"The road to Delavan is sometimes dusty, and if I wore bloomers I'd be a sight."

A bloomer girl came into the hotel dining room looking big and blowsy. Out on the lawn with her wheel by her side she would not have looked so fantastic, but in the dining hall, surrounded by women, she was a spectacle. A clubman was asked:

"Doesn't that require an extreme amount of nerve?"

"Not so much of the woman. I fancy, as of the man with her," he replied.

"Would you ride with her?" he was asked.

"Ride with her?" he said. "If she were my wife I'd get a divorce," he replied.

Bloomers are not popular among the men here. One man's concise reply expresses the consensus of opinion: "Bloomers are all right on some other fellow's girl."

It is Never Too Late

To clean the teeth, and render the breath odoriferous with fragrant SOZODONT, but it is best to use this wonderful Vegetable Elixir before the teeth begin to fall, and the breath to lose its freshness.

The Retort Courteous.

An officer came late to dinner at Talleyrand's table, and, by way of apology, he had the impertinence to say that he had been detained by a piquin—using the slang term applied by soldiers to civilians. Talleyrand, being a piquin himself, asked, with apparent innocence, "Ah, Mr. Officer, and what is a piquin?" "We term piquin anyone who is not military," replied the officer. "Ah, yes," musingly answered Talleyrand, "just as we term military anyone who is not civil."—London Sun.

Choosing the Least.

Singlebliss—But, say, old fellow, if you hate the theater so, why do you take your wife so often?

Fox Martin—Well, you see, if I don't go with her she insists on telling me all about the play when she gets home.—Puck.

Amusement.

Amateur Yachtsman—"What do you do for amusement up here?"

Clam-Digger—"We watch you city fellows sail boats."—Truth.

CONSUMPTION

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York

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always maintained. Far more Columbia bicycles than ever this year. Far more care that no imperfect Columbias go out.

$100 for a Columbia means $200 of pleasure and satisfaction.

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Branch Stores: Boston, New York, Chicago, Providence, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco.

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PATENTS Lehmann, Pattison & Nesbit Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circular.

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MEN wanted to distribute circulars,

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 128,000

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have been asked if we will accept renewals, for three months more, of the three months' subscriptions about to expire. We answer, most emphatically, NO, because in the beginning we only proposed to take one set of three months subscribers at 10 cents, in order to make a large number of new readers acquainted with the Blade.

We shall be glad to receive a renewal for one year from all the three months subscribers now on our books; and we may possibly make a special proposition to them. However, be it understood, that we will take all of the new three months subscriptions at 10 cents that may be sent in before September 1, but the renewal of these must be for one year.

OUR NEXT SERIAL.

Some time in August we propose beginning the publication of another serial story, in addition to the one now running in our columns. It is a story of American life of the present day, deeply interesting, and bearing a lesson which will be of benefit to every reader. It is entitled:

AN ENEMY'S WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mr. Rexford is a well-known American writer, and his writings are favorites with the great mass of intelligent readers. This story was not prepared for the general literary market, but was written expressly for The Blade, with an eye single to its vast army of readers who find in it their ideal type of family newspaper. Mr. Rexford has known The Blade for years, and was a contributor to its columns in the past. His thousands of old friends among our readers will be glad to welcome him back again.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

MR. HARVEY'S SOCKDOLAGER.

The intelligent people of the whole country are laughing over an argument advanced by Mr. Harvey in his debate with Mr. Horr. He argued that there should be a double money standard because nature is organized on the duplex principle. Man has two hands, two eyes, two ears and two legs, says Mr. Harvey, and we should therefore have two money metals.

This reminds us of the argument that was advanced a couple of centuries ago why there could not be more than seven planets. The human head has seven orifices—two ears, two eyes, two nostrils and one mouth—therefore there could not, in the nature of things be more than seven planets. It was added also that seven was a sacred number, because there are seven days in the week, and this was taken to add force to the former argument.

Of course Mr. Harvey was driven into a corner, and used this way of getting himself out. It is a poor compliment he thereby paid to the intelligence of the American people, however, if he supposes that any man with sense enough to cast a vote will be influenced by such an absurdity.

Furthermore, nothing is more certain than that Mr. Harvey's plan, which he miscalls "bimetallism," is not that at all, but is silver monometallism pure and simple.

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.

The days of rapid transit over long distances by electricity is rapidly approaching. The assistant chief manager of the General Electric company, a Mr. Bailey, says it has "passed the limits of mere probability," and hence is soon to be an actuality. A thorough electric line from Chicago to Buffalo is already under consideration, and when it is built its extension to New York is certain. Mr. Bailey declares that he expects "to see trains run from Chicago to New York in daylight before many years." That means a speed of over 80 miles an hour. The recent successful experiments with electric locomotives have demonstrated their ample power to draw loaded railway trains. Greater speed than by steam is simply a matter of the conservative of safety by good roadbeds and rails, wheels and cars.

Meanwhile, make a note of it that the Chicago and Buffalo electric line will pass through Toledo, of course.

Next year is Harrison's last chance to get the Presidency again. He will be within a few months of 68 years of age when the President chosen in 1900 is inaugurated, which is nearly the age which his grandfather had reached when he entered the White House. The grandfather, who was older than any other President was on taking office, lived only a month of his term.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Well, the indications are that Mr. Harrison will not let the "last chance" slip by without vigorous effort to secure it. Whether he will succeed in this is quite another question. It is doubtful if he can have Indiana's solid delegation, for there are plenty of Republicans in that state who are enthusiastic in their support of the candidate of their next door state—Governor McKinley, of Ohio.

New York sympathizers with the Cuban revolutionary party have purchased a ship and will shortly send an expedition to the island. They should not make their plans public, for the government will get after them. It don't care for the Spaniards firing on the flag, but it won't allow any aid or comfort to be given to a people struggling to emancipate themselves from a tyrannous monarchy if it can help it.

RUM AND LONG LIFE.

Several years ago The Blade published the very convincing statement of the statistics obtained by life insurance companies in Great Britain at the time. The figures showed that, of men of the average age, who had been insured, the drinkers died sooner than the abstainers; and the heavy drinkers earlier than the moderate ones. We have no doubt of the truth of these deductions; the testimony deduced from the annals of life insurance is all in the same direction.

But here is a somewhat startling set of statistics—not from life insurance sources, but from the International Medical association. This association has made careful inquiry into 5,234 cases of deaths of persons of over 30 years of age, and of all callings, which were divided into five groups—total abstainers, moderate drinkers, drinkers who were careful not to drink too much, heavy drinkers, excessive drinkers. The investigation showed that the age reached in these five classes was always the shortest with the total abstainers, that they were shorter lived even than the excessive drinkers. With regard to wine drinkers the results were: Moderate drinkers, 64 years; heavy but careful drinkers, 58 years; intemperate drinkers, 55 years; excessive drinkers, 52 years; abstainers, 50 years.

It has been said that statistics can be made to prove anything you want to prove; but in this instance, as well as in the insurance figures, they seem to prove what those collecting the statistics had no intention or desire to prove. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the use of intoxicants, even moderately, is conducive to longevity. The statistics only show that, with a good constitution at the outset, one may attain to a more advanced age than is reached by a person of feeble physique, though the latter be a total abstainer; for we think it will be found from observation and inquiry that a very large proportion of the abstainers are abstainers because they saw early in life that they were not physically strong enough to wrestle with King Alcohol; and another large class of non-drinkers are the sons of drinking parents, whose sins, as well as their deterring example, have descended to their children, and so shortened the latter's lives.

The statistics quoted are misleading, inasmuch as they do not show what the state of the health of each class was in early life, and especially because they do not tell anything as to the habits of the parents of the individuals in the several classes. A man may drink to excess, may be intoxicated regularly every day, and yet live to be an old man, but it will generally be found that his offspring are feeble, if not sickly, and of short life, notwithstanding they never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor from first to last.

Statistics are potent helps toward the solution of great social problems, but when they seem to prove what is against common experience and against common sense, it is best not to trust in them too confidingly. The influence of heredity is very strong, and it is the unanimous testimony of all neurologists that the startling increase in the percentage of the defective classes—the insane, idiotic, etc.—is due to heredity; that alcoholism in the parents or grandparents is primarily responsible for the defects of the children. The truth of this dictum is indisputable; and of itself it is an argument strong enough to array every thinking man on the side of those who wish to destroy the cause of their defects, and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"Pulverize the Rum Power" is father to the thought, in more minds than in in the head of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade's editor, and if a small fraction of the men that believe it, would use their influence the evil could not grow. It is a demon that this county has got to fight.—Iowa City Herald.

THE YEAR'S EXPORT PRICES.

The monthly abstract of the bureau of statistics, Treasury department, for June, gives on one page the average monthly prices of leading American exports for the year. It is well worth studying. Below will be found an abstract therefrom, embracing the leading products:

Wheat—Was quoted at 63.3 cents in June, declined to 51.7 cents in October, advanced to 56.4 cents in January, declined to 54.7 cents in February, and advanced to 64.8 cents in May—a net gain for the year of 1 1-2 cents.

Wheat flour—The average export value of this commodity was $3.67 in June and declined steadily to $3.097 in February. Then it advanced to $3.416 in May—a loss for the year of 26 cents.

Corn—Was worth 46.7 cents a bushel in June of last year, advanced to 60.3 cents in September, declined to 49.7 cents in February, and was 56.6 cents in May—a net advance for the year of 10 cents.

Raw cotton—Was worth 7.5 cents in June and declined to 5.4 cents in November and was 6.4 cents in May—a decline for the year of 1.1 cents.

Pig iron—Advanced from $12.369 in June to $13.594 in July, declined to $11.612 in October, advanced to $12.748 in April, and was $12.123 in May—a net decline of 24.6 cents.

Provisions—Shows varying gains and losses for the year. In fresh beef there was a net gain of 1.3 cents, in salt beef a gain of half a cent, in tallow a loss of a tenth of a cent, in bacon a gain of a fifth of a cent, in hams a loss of half a cent, in lard a gain of a fifth of a cent, in oleomargarine oil a loss of nine-tenths of a cent, in butter a loss of 2.3 cents, and in cheese a loss of 2.1 cents.

Clover seed—Advanced from 9.5 cents in June to 10.8 cents in July, declined to 9.2 cents in November, advanced to 9.5 cents in April, and was 9.3 cents in May—a net loss of a fifth of a cent.

Russia has not only done a neat thing in the diplomatic line by guaranteeing the new Chinese loan, but will also make a very neat profit on it. She guaranteed an 80-million-dollar loan, on which China will pay 5 per cent.; then borrowed the money in the financial centers of Western Europe at 4 per cent., thus making $800,000 a year interest. The security she obtains from China is not yet known, but it is believed to be a territorial concession, which will enable her to bring the great Siberian railway to a terminal at a port never icebound in winter. Russian diplomacy is the most successful in the world these days.

A coal combine, controlling seven-eighths of the coal interests of the South, it is said, is being formed with a capital of $50,000,000. Kentucky and Tennessee mines constitute a large part of the trust. The avowed purpose of the organization is to materially advance the price of coal. But how about the wages of the miners?

SOME INTERESTING SILVER POINTS

We had hoped to begin our "Silver Discussion" this week, but the publication of the Horr-Harvey debate prevented. We will begin it very soon, however. We have had difficulty in getting leading men on the one side to consent to prepare papers, but hope to overcome this obstacle, so that both sides will have fair presentation.

In our review of "Coin," we are of course treating the salient points—the foundation stones of his argument. Other points of difficulty occur to our readers, who send them to us. We have not room to discuss them editorially, so we have answered a number of them in the Question Bureau on the second page. Turn to it and read them, so as to keep abreast of the discussion going on all over the country. The points raised are very interesting. More will be answered in the Bureau next week.

We urge all to post themselves on the silver question from the columns of the Blade. The question will be a leading one in the Presidential campaign of next year, be sure of that. So get posted now, for we cannot repeat an elementary discussion of the matter next year.

LOSSES BY THE NEW TARIFF.

As our readers know, the fiscal year of the United States government ends on June 30. Of the fiscal year just closed, ten months were under the new Democratic tariff law. Every one remembers that the argument was dinned into the farmers' ears that a low tariff, "the breaking down of the Chinese wall of protection," would erroneously increase our export trade, on the theory that other people would not buy of us unless we bought of them. Well, the cold, hard fact don't prove this—not by a good deal. The monthly abstract of the bureau of statistics of the Treasury Department gives the total of our exports for the fiscal year, and a comparison with that of the previous year is very interesting. Here it is:

EXPORTS OF AMERICAN PRODUCTS

Year ending June 30.	Value.
1894	$869,058,158
1895	793,553,018
Loss to producers	$ 75,505,140

That is, we sold $75,505,140 worth less of American products in the year, under the Democratic tariff, than we did in the previous year under the McKinley tariff. Here is a fact—not a theory—for the American farmers to study.

But how about our imports? When we import any article of the same kind as is manufactured here, we reduce the market for American labor in just that degree. Let us see what the Democratic tariff law has done for labor, by a comparison of imports for the same two years:

IMPORTS OF FOREIGN GOODS.

Year ending June 30.	Value.
1895	$731,960,319
1894	647,775,017
Loss to labor	$ 84,185,302

It is a lie, still told by some conscientiousless Democratic free traders that the free list is extended by the Democratic tariff law, and that the increase in our imports is because so many more goods came in free. But the official figures don't show this. Here they are:

IMPORTS FREE OF DUTY.

Year ending June 30.	Value.
1894	$372,575,931
1895	363,230,927
Decrease	$ 9,345,004

We thus see that last year we imported $9,345,000 worth less of goods free of duty than we did in the previous year under the McKinley law. Thus another free trade falsehood is exposed. The increase in imports was entirely of goods on the dutiable list. The comparison of imports of this character for the two years is as follows:

DUTIABLE IMPORTS.

Year ending June 30.	Value.
1895	$368,729,392
1894	275,199,086
Loss to labor	$ 93,530,306

During the last fiscal year we have bought abroad $93,530,306 worth more than in the previous fiscal year—and this was all of articles of the same kinds as are manufactured in the United States. How do American workingmen like that showing?

Now, let us take the losses to the farmers and producers through the decline in our export trade, and the losses to labor through the increase of dutiable imports and find the total. Here are the figures:

TOTAL LOSS, 1895.

Through export trade	$ 75,505,140
Through dutiable imports	93,530,306
Total year's loss	$169,035,446

The American people are thus shown to have lost almost $170,000,000 through the Democratic tariff—a loss which falls heaviest on the farmers and the workingmen. We think they will be glad to vote against the party whose ridiculous adhesion to moonshine theories has caused this unnecessary loss.

A BIG JULY DEFICIT.

The month of July will pay another tribute to the Democratic "tariff for revenue." We are now within four days of the end of the month, and it is perfectly apparent that the receipts will be less than in any month for nearly ten years; while it is equally apparent that the expenditures will be greater than in many years. There was great pride in the Democratic ranks over a momentary surplus in June, but it has long since disappeared in the prospect of a $12,000,000 deficiency in July. There has not been a July since 1886 in which the receipts did not exceed $50,000,000, but this one will probably show the worst record in a full decade or more. Even if the receipts of the remaining days are as great as the average thus far the total for July will be but $28,500,000.

It is interesting in this connection to see just what the July receipts have been, year by year, under the former tariffs; also the July expenditures. By beginning with the year 1887 we get four Julys under the tariff of 1883, four under the McKinley tariff, which will enable those interested to compare the first July under the Wilson tariff with those under preceding laws:

	Receipts.	Expenditures.
Under act of 1883:		
July, 1887	$20,184,872	$35,126,924
July, 1888	31,204,897	35,983,764
July, 1889	31,886,200	41,400,737
July, 1890	37,993,466	36,694,819
Under McKinley act:		
July, 1891	$4,158,244	38,100,394
July, 1892	34,314,331	36,331,976
July, 1893	30,905,776	39,675,888
July, 1894	34,809,339	36,648,503
Under Wilson law:		
July, 1895, est.).	29,000,000	41,000,000

It is quite apparent that when the remaining four business days of this month are added the receipts will be the lightest ever known on the period considered, the expenditures the heaviest and the deficiency the greatest.

Who struck Billy Patterson? Holmes, of course.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION.

We have had a number of letters asking if we were not going to have the "free silver at 16 to 1" men represented in our silver debate. We have been trying to get leading silver men—those of national reputation—to furnish articles, but for one reason or another they have declined. We have, however, secured a paper on

"THE FREE COINAGE SIDE OF THE SILVER QUESTION."

From Mr. GEO. A. WHITE, of Framingham, Mass., who will take the affirmative side of this question: "Resolved, That the United States should immediately adopt the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, without waiting for action by any other nation." Mr. White's friends say his arguments on this point have never been satisfactorily answered. We also hope to secure others on this side of the question.

Another addition to our list is a very valuable paper on

"FREE COINAGE A PRETEXT—BIMETALLISM A MYTH."

By Hon. JOHN DEWITT WARNER, formerly a Representative in Congress, and well known in the political field as a debater of the first class.

The other papers now in our hands for publication are the following:

"THE SILVER QUESTION."

This paper is a general review of the entire subject, and is from the pen of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, who is an eminent authority on economic topics, both in this country and in the Old World. His writings are deemed of the highest authority, and received with respect by all.

"THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER."

This is written by Hon. DAVID A. WELLS, one of the leading economists and thinkers of the world. He has been for years an authority on all economic subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.

"FIAT MONEY."

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

"THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE AT 16 TO 1."

This is from the pen of the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN, formberly comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn is an authority on financial matters, and he discusses the question from the business man's standpoint.

These papers we have on hand. We are in correspondence with the other gentlemen whose names have been given in former announcements, and as soon as the papers are in our hands will add them to the above.

The Blade will discuss each article editorially as it appears. Nothing like such a discussion, by notable men, has been attempted by any other paper, and it will be the most valuable contribution to the settlement of the question.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

It has been announced with much directness from London that the new Tory government will be distinguished by a positive and energetic foreign policy. This was one of the weaknesses of the Rosebery government, as it had been of Gladstone's. Lord Salisbury will soon have an opportunity of revealing his foreign policy, and that, too, on that most momentous thing in all European diplomacy—the Eastern question.

The Sultan of Turkey is hard to manage in the Armenian matter. He rejects all demands for reforms which imply a relinquishment of responsibility. Meantime, the outbreak in Macedonia, fomented from Bulgaria, and without doubt also by Russian agencies, has much disturbed Turkey, and a heavy force is preparing to go to Macedonia and punish the insurgents.

Now comes the story that the Triple Alliance and Great Britain will attempt concerted action to pacify the Macedonians, including the occupation of strategic points in that province by Austrian troops. As Macedonia is purely Turkish soil, this is certainly a bold course. And it reveals, too, the fear on the part of these governments that Russia deems this a propitious time for another attempt to absorb Turkey and make the Dardanelles her southern boundary.

In case of war, it is plain that the Triple Alliance would make sure of a share of Turkish territory. It may be that the report of this contemplated act has been set afloat in order to force Russia or France to make diplomatic inquiry as to its truth, and thus reveal their aims or fears. At any rate the fact that England is in the deal shows that Salisbury is taking hold of foreign matters with a firm hand; and the world will await with considerable interest the revelation of his policy.

Connecticut has introduced a new holiday, to be known as Lincoln day. The date pitched upon is October 15, which seems to have been chosen rather because it falls at a convenient time, midway between Labor day and Thanksgiving day, than because it has any special significance with reference to Lincoln. The day of his birth, February 12, was rejected because of its proximity to Washington's birthday. We do not recall any special significance attaching to the fifteenth of October, except that it was upon that day, in 1874, that Lincoln's remains were transferred to their last resting place.

Great dissatisfaction is expressed in Spain with General Campos's efforts to stamp down the Cuban revolution. The rebel leader Gomez has outgeneraled him at nearly every point, and the Spaniards are mortified thereat. The trouble is, however, they have not anybody who is any better general than Campos.

A final decree has been entered at Chicago for the sale of Whisky Trust property and the wiping out of the once powerful monopoly. Thus one of the great Trusts of the country breaks of its own weight.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The encouraging trade features noted by the Dun and Bradstreet reviews for the previous week are retained the past week, with a further increase in the demand for iron and steel. The most striking feature, however, is the influence of the improved crop prospects. The strength of the situation improves steadily. We are assured of a corn crop of enormous proportions, and this encourages the farmers, the railroads and the business world, especially as foreign crop reports are less favorable in their tenor. The increase in the demand for iron and steel is largely because of the improved prospects for railroad earnings. For several years past, improvements and repairs have been neglected, except where absolutely necessary, because the business of the roads did not warrant it. Now, with the certain prospect of good business, these general improvements are being made to such an extent that the mills are unable to fill orders promptly.

The weekly statement of the New York associated banks of Saturday showed an increase of over four million dollars, caused chiefly by remittances from interior banks. The period is now approaching, however, though somewhat delayed this year, when grain and cotton shipments to the seaboard will normally call for a counter-movement of deposits. The really remarkable money movement of this season is likely to be seen in Europe, where the transfer in specie in settlement of the full Chinese indemnity can hardly fail to affect materially the London and Paris markets. We have already witnessed the preliminary movement in last week's remarkable advance of Paris exchange on London. Even this first transfer of $75,000,000 gold, raised in Paris on China's bond endorsed by Russia, and consigned to the Bank of England, must have some immediate effect. The gold holdings of the European banks will next month merit careful scrutiny, especially in the case of the Bank of France. This bank's gold holdings have already decreased $20,000,000 since February, the season's withdrawals being chiefly for the United States. On the other hand, the Bank of England's bullion balance now exceeds by nearly $5,000,000 the figures of February.

There is an abundance of money offered in the New York loan market, and call loans are still at 1 per cent. Time money during last week was in fair demand. The preference of the average lender is for the shorter loans, but sufficient money is obtainable for all periods, on good mixed collateral, to satisfy every need. Maturing loans can be renewed for the sixty-day period at the same rate. Rates are unchanged at 2 per cent for thirty to sixty days, 2 1-2 for ninety days to four months, 2 3-4@3 for five to seven months.

The stock market in New York developed little of interest last week. Railway stocks were strong, especially of the granger roads, because of the good crop prospects, and the certainty of heavy business; but there was not much business done in them. There was considerable professional trading in industrial stocks, but no marked features attended it.

The London silver market has been flat and lower, the quotation for bars declining from 30 1-2d per ounce to 30 5-16d. This is thought to be due to disappointment of speculators with the results of the Chinese indemnity and loans, the prospect that any large part of the payments to Japan will be in silver becoming smaller all the time. The closing prices in New York on Saturday were 66 1-4@66 3-4 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 66 1-2@67 1-4 for government assay bars.

THE PRICE OF SUGAR.

A correspondent wants to know why it is that sugar is as cheap as it was before the Democratic tariff law was passed, which puts a 40 per cent duty on it. He says the Blade at that time declared that sugar would rise in price 40 per cent as a consequence. And now that sugar is practically as cheap as before, he wants to know the reason. He says it don't agree with what the free traders say, that "the consumer pays the duty," nor with what The Blade said.

The answer is simple. Two years ago raw sugar was worth a trifle over three cents a pound. At present it is worth a little less than one cent and seven-tenths a pound.

It is a simple case of coincidence. European governments pay a bounty for the production of beet sugar, to encourage the industry. The result is an enormous increase in the production. And because of the superabundance of the supply, the price of raw sugar has gone down.

As the Blade has explained, time and again, as the amount of sugar produced in the United States is not enough to affect the price, the consumer pays the duty. If sugar were free, as it was under the McKinley law, it would be 40 cents cheaper on the hundred pounds. Granulated sugar sells in the stores of Toledo to-day at 21 pounds for a dollar. At the present low price of raw sugar, if it were free, one could get over 28 pounds for a dollar. So our correspondent will see that the consumer does pay the duty, after all.

A VALUABLE COMPARISON.

On the subject of the smallness of the customs receipts under the Gorman tariff law, it is interesting to compare its operations with that of the McKinley law. While the friends of the Gorman law were pretty confident that it would produce an income far greater than did the McKinley lay, they were "cock sure" that in the matter of customs receipts, at least, it would completely overshadow the Republican tariff, which they so roundly berated. Here is what the customs collections were under the two laws in their first ten months:

	Customs collections	
	Wilson law first 10 mos.	McKinley law first 10 mos.
First month	$ 15,564,990	$ 24,934,114
Second month	11,962,118	16,227,641
Third month	10,260,692	16,104,553
Fourth month	11,203,049	23,897,953
Fifth month	17,361,916	18,994,189
Sixth month	13,234,691	15,373,532
Seventh month	14,924,799	12,591,990
Eighth month	12,453,086	11,895,141
Ninth month	12,474,559	14,168,745
Tenth month	12,130,443	15,468,183
Total	$131,670,332	$183,755,981

Some of the Democratic papers are endeavoring to make political capital of the advance in wages. Voters will do well to bear in mind that wages are being restored, not increased; and, further, that the prime cause of the restoration is the knowledge that the Democratic party is out of power in Congress, and its powers for evil are thus neutralized.

The shadow of another bond issue is clouding the immediate future of the Cleveland administration.

Even Thurber cannot attend the regatta at Put-in Bay. Why not? The baby is named.

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter, from the Weekly Blade in March, 1878, was written shortly after the passage of the Bland silver bill:

Mr. Nasby Wants Supplemental Action.

Confedrit X Roads,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky).
March 2, 1878.

The Silver Bill is passed but the Corners hezn't ez yit experienced the relief that it expected. Bascom sed promptly that he wuz a law abidin citizen, and shood take silver. Uv course he hed watered his whiskey to meet the depreshiatid currency he wuz to be paid in, but he felt tolerabli well after all. Silver wuz better than nothin, and he felt that times cood not but help improve with silver made a legle-tender.

"Gentlemen," he sed, "Silver is now money and I shell take it. Come up with yoor silver and wipe off yoor indebtednis, or yoo git nothin more at this bar!"

Wat wuz we to do? We didn't none uv us hev any silver any more than we hed green-bax. We coodent any uv us pay, and the people are murmurin. All that we hev got out uv it so fur, is a depreshiated article uv likker, wich ef our promises is good for any thing, gives Bascom just that much more profit. The dettor class ain't profitid at all, for it can't git no silver to pay with.

Ef the government hez any mercy onto us at all, and ef it hez loads uv silver to-wunst, to be distribbitid pro-rata among the citizens, that wood give us releef. Onless the government does this the silver bill is a mockery, a deloosion and a snare. Uv wat good is it to say to me, "you kin pay off your debts at a discount with silver?" when I hain't got no silver and can't git it? Ef I hed any sekoorities to put up, I cood pay my debts in paper money or gold; for the collaterals I kin borry all I want uv that now.

To give us the releef we want, either the government hez got to supply us silver, or let me carry out my projeck uv munisipal bankin. Either will do. But to leave it where it is, is holler mockery; it's givin us a stun when we asked for bread. It's givin us hope uv suthin when the relizashun uv it is ez fur from us ez ever. Wat good ez it to me to make silver legle-tender, onless you pervide me with silver to tender? I ain't got no silver, and can't see how I am to git any. I want either a car-load uv silver distribbitid in the Corners, or I want onlimitid munisippal bankin. One or the other is necessary to meet the wants uv men like myself, for wich all finanshel projecks are made. Men who hev the faculty uv workin, and to whom likker at statid and rapid intervals ain't a necessity, manage to git along without finanseerin. Ef they are a goin to finanseer for me, I want em to do suthin practicle.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Finanseer.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

A HAPPY IDEA FOR ALL OUR CLUB RAISERS.

These Prize Offers Do Not Conflict With the Offer Elsewhere.

Scores of our subscribers write us that it is very exciting and interesting to take three months' subscriptions to the Weekly Blade at ten cents. They start out to raise a club of ten, and usually become so interested in the work that they secure fifty, one hundred or even more names the first day. Then they continue the work to see what they can really do.

We notice that a number of club-raisers are selecting books consecutively, beginning with No. 1 on the list. This shows that they have an idea of sending in names enough to get the entire series of books, or else are interested to see how high up in the list they will get before September 1.

This is a good idea, and we are determined to encourage it. Therefore, we propose to announce another list of ten prizes, which will in no wise conflict with the other, but will be in addition thereto. By this we mean that it will be possible for any one person to obtain a prize from both lists.

First—We offer a Blade sewing machine to every person who will secure, during the three summer months, the whole list of sixty-eight books as premiums. This premium is worth $18.

Second—We offer a hunting-cased gold watch—described as No. 1 in The Blade list—worth $15.75, to every person who will secure, during the same time sixty premium books.

Third—We offer a hunting-cased coin silver watch—described as No. 27 in the Blade list—worth $10, to every person who will secure 58 premium books.

Fourth—We offer a Blade china dinner set, 108 pieces, valued at $9.25, to every person who will secure 56 premium books.

Fifth—We offer an open-faced coin silver watch—described as No. 26 in the Blade list—valued at $6.50, to every person who will secure 50 premium books.

Sixth—We offer an open-faced nickel silver Elgin watch—described as No. 4 in the Blade watch list—valued at $5.50, to any person who will secure 48 premium books.

Seventh—We offer one dozen of table knives, described in the Blade list, and valued at $4.25, to any person who will secure 45 premium books.

Eighth—We offer one Blade china tea set, 56 pieces, valued at $4.00, to any person who will secure 43 premium books.

Ninth—We offer one dozen nickel table spoons, described in the Blade list, valued at $2.35, to any person who will secure 40 premium books.

Tenth—We offer one dozen nickel tea spoons, as described in the Blade list, valued at $1.25, to any person who will secure 30 premium books.

We call particular attention to the fact that the above offers are NOT merely offered to the FIRST persons securing the above number of books, but to ALL who reach the required number. This offer, therefore, does not mean merely ten prizes, but it may possibly mean 100 prizes, as we apprehend a very large number will, during the season, secure the above prizes.

Be SURE and number your lists of names consecutively, so that we can tell, at a glance, how your list stands on September 1. Many of our readers are already advanced toward some of the above premiums, and hundreds more can very easily secure the same prizes, if they go at the work at once.

Japan, it is said, has demanded $37,500,000 additional indemnity for the surrender of the Liao Tung peninsula. Probably Russia will make no objection to this, as it is China will have to foot the bill.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A thrifty keeper in the Pere la Chaise cemetery, Paris, was recently dismissed for too much enterprise. He had added to his income by raising vegetables on the graves.

The new Portuguese minister Augusto De Sequeira Thedim, reached Washington Monday. It is the first time he has been in this country. He is accompanied by his wife and two servants.

James Charlton, general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad, was a junior clerk in the freight department of the Castle and Carlisle Railway Company as long ago as 1847.

Richardson, like many other novelists, considered his first work as his best. Late in life he said when speaking of one of his then recent works, "I shall never be able to excel Pamela."

It is a well known fact in his village that Governor Morton can pitch a decent curve at base ball and manage rather frisky horses, and is a fine bowler. With gun and rod he has always been quite expert.

The late Prof. Huxley detested the people in the mass. He had no faith in democracy, in the wider acceptance of the term, and little in charity. He frowned upon all schemes to rescue the submerged tenth.

Gladstone said recently that he was too old to have an opinion on the new woman. His "ideal woman has not altered in the last three score years and ten."

Abraham H. Cavender, of St. Paul, now nearly 80 years of age, is living on the exact spot where he settled 47 years ago, when there were only five American families in the place.

The Rev. William P. McQuaid, pastor of St. James' church, Boston, received a gift of $2,500 from his parishioners on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his installation, which was celebrated last Sunday.

Sir Arthur Bigge, the new private secretary to Queen Victoria, is an ex-colonel of the Royal Artillery, and distinguished himself in the campaign of 1878-9 in Zululand. He is said to be a man of remarkable tact.

It is a singular coincidence that James R. Garfield, who was nominated for state senator in Ohio Tuesday, received this, his first political honor, on the anniversary of the day on which his father was shot by Guiteau.

Over the grave of Von Gabrecht, once a noted lead pencil maker in Germany, is a gigantic stone representation of half a lead pencil set as a tombstone. It is of red sandstone, with a core of graphite eight inches in diameter. It lies lengthwise on the ground.

Franklin, who drew on lightning, was a professional politician. Morse, who invented the telegraph, was merely an amateur. Watts, who invented the steam engine, was not a professional machinist. Nearly all the great discoveries in photography have been made by amateurs.

Captain John M. Brooke, a professor at the Virginia Military institute, is one of the few surviving officers of the Monitor-Merrimac fight. He served on the confederate man-of-war, and has an additional claim to be remembered as the inventor of the deep sea sounding apparatus.

Marie Cecile Gluck, the great-grand-daughter of the composer of "Iphigenia" and "Orpheus," was sentenced to two months in prison in Paris the other day for stealing a jacket from the wife of the janitor of a Paris flat house.

Mr. Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the Forum. Mr. Page has been in the service of that review for more than seven years, and has had exclusive editorial control for more than four years. It was he who reduced the price of the Forum to 25 cents.

Phineas Moses, who died in Cincinnati the other day at the age of 97, was one of the small band of pious Israelites who organized the first Hebrew congregation January 18, 1824. He was also one of the few persons who saw Napoleon when he was exiled to the Island of St. Helena.

Mrs. Olney, wife of the secretary, does not take a great interest in the woman question, although she hasn't the slightest objection to other women settling the matter to their own taste. For herself, she thinks her home duties are enough to occupy her whole time. Mrs. Olney is a young looking woman, especially for a grandmother.

Phineas Moses, a Cincinnati merchant who died a few days since at the age of 97, was the son of an English Hebrew who also lived to be as old. Phineas Moses used to boast that his mother he saw Napoleon a prisoner on a British frigate, the boy having rowed out in a boat to her side to see the fallen emperor.

Recorder Goff of New York has foregone his vacation, and is holding court night and day in order to try more cases. He rarely leaves the room until 7 o'clock in the evening, and on Tuesday he sat until nearly midnight and missed his dinner, as he has done on several other occasions, in order to finish an important case.

A young man named Bennett in the Australian gold fields has established a postal route between Coolgardie, the center of the mining district and Dundas, which is 35 miles away. Strapped on his wheel is a small box in which he carries letters between the two towns for a shilling apiece and telegrams for five shillings, making one round trip a week.

Sir Henry Irving, on being called upon to preside at the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association of London, performed its duties gracefully, and made a clever speech. He told those present that he had spent a great part of his life in cabs, and that there was a time when a hansom by slight stretch of the picturesque, might have been described as his address.

The late Judge Sir James Fitzjames Stephen is quoted as saying once: "I have never found myself one of the most unteachable of human beings. I cannot take in anything at second hand. I have to learn what ever I want to learn in a way of my own. It has been so with law, with languages, with Indian administration, with the machinery I have had to study in patent cases, with English composition."

Walter Hume Long, the new tory president of the British board of agriculture, is fond of being a sportsman, being the owner of blooded hunting seats, and a skillful cricketer. Among his heritages is a fondness for tobacco, which is especially interesting, because his ancestor, Sir Walter Long, assisted Sir Walter Raleigh at the ceremony of smoking the first pipeful in England of the weed, then newly introduced from Virginia.

Max Lebaudy, the new owner of Le Soir newspaper in Paris, is the son of a forgemaster. He is extremely wealthy, and extravagant with his father's money, but charitable and witty. He won a fortune at the races this year by betting on Andree. Because his delicate as whipped cream or marmalade the Boulevards have named him "Le Petit Sucrier" or "Little Sugar Bowl." Le Soir has been a serious, independent evening newspaper.

FASHION'S LATEST FAD.

Smooth cloth in white and cream is one of the leading favorites in seashore skirts, which will be popularly worn with brightly tinted taffeta bodices and shoulder capes of the cloth lined with silk in warm tones of red or yellow, which contrast harmoniously with those of the bodice.

A noteworthy license prevails in hairdressing, often the coiffure is changed to suit the hat, the Dutch bonnet absolutely requiring a quite fluffy style. To arrange the hair in a wavy mass low over the ears is a new style, but it is so becoming and so easily imparts an appearance of age that it is not likely to be general or lasting.

Some of the stuffs exhibited in Paris shop windows are in such startling hues that it puts one's teeth fairly on edge to look at them. Indeed, daring things are done nowadays with different colors and shades, but it is almost fatal to be daring unless in a position to be also varied, and even then loud colors are decidedly vulgar, particularly for the street.

Among the novelties shown for the Saratoga belle especial mention should be made of new cigarettes, or rather cases or bottles, of Chinese manufacture, the war having brought them into vogue. They are hollowed out by hand after months of labor from carnelian, rock crystal, sard, chalcedony and other hard stones, and have the advantage, it is claimed, of being cool to the hand.

Among the latest novelties displayed for feminine convenience are skirt grips—little contrivances made of solid gold for attaching a skirt to the garter and preventing the sagging down in the back, so hard to obviate. These grips resemble substantial pins or clasps, and have a stout gold eye fastened to the reverse side, which a corresponding hook, sewed to the band of the skirt, is meant to be caught.

For summer weather fine lawn has reasserted its claim to the favor of the youthful, and certainly nothing can be more becoming. It appears as skirts with fine embroidered insertions edged with narrow valenciennes and as large turnover collars and cuffs to match on silk jackets. In addition to the fineness of the lawn the work attests a fashion, and proves that the art of the needle is still practiced in no

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have NONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the busiest person can become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or send postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

To be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth larger list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us, and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in setting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Oath of the Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus, Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession, White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle.
23.—The Idylls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
40.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. Second Series.
41.—Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust, John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember), teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 20
½ dozen teaspoons	65
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 25
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 15
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 05
1 dozen table knives	2 20
½ dozen table knives	1 20

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Mercenary.

The cowbells tinkled drowsily.
In the shadow of the shelving shore,
with the waves breaking at their feet,
they lingered.
"Would you marry for money?" she demanded.
He started and turned pale.
"This is so sudden," he faltered.
To make a bad matter worse, he subsequently asked her how much she was offering.—Detroit Tribune.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

Now, let us look at Coin's argument so far, in order to determine "where we are at," as Tom Watson says.

"Coin" starts out with the assumption that the United States made silver the standard, with gold as a companion money metal.

He argues that this remained the status until 1873, when he says (page 52):

The demonetization of silver destroyed one-half of the redemption money of the United States. It did it in this way: By making gold the unit and closing the mints to silver, it lessened the demand for silver, and its commercial value at once began to depreciate as measured in gold.

Now let us look at these two positions, which we have discussed at length.

As to the first, if it were true, it would be silver monometalism. The essence of bimetallism is that the standard shall be in both metals. And that is what the fathers, in 1782, tried to establish. As near as could be ascertained, one grain of gold was equal in value to 15 grains of silver. So they established a bimetallic coinage on that ratio, with coins of both metals—those of smaller denominations in silver, those of larger denominations in gold.

But this did not remain the case. By the year 1804 the relative values of the two metals had changed, so that a grain of gold was worth a little more than 15 grains of silver. Then our gold coin began to disappear from circulation, because they were worth a little more as bullion than as money. Goldsmiths used them for their work, and they were sent abroad by merchants to settle trade balances. By 1819 there was no gold in circulation nor was there any until after the coinage law of 1834 was passed.

Hence, though the law ordained bimetallism, the higher law of values rendered it void, as any law which attempts to establish arbitrary value must necessarily be. A law can give its sanction to a commercial value, but it can not establish it. The "redemption money" of the United States was silver only; the bulk of the currency was state bank notes. Hence Coin falsifies when he assumes that all the gold and silver we had coined was in circulation.

The law of 1834 simply reversed these conditions. It lessened the amount of gold in the gold dollar, and made the ratio 1 to 16. At that ratio the silver dollar was worth more as bullion than as money, and our silver—not only the silver dollars, but largely the halves, quarters, etc.—disappeared from circulation. Our primary money was gold, and the bulk of our currency was state bank notes, as before; and this continued until 1862.

In that year gold and silver went to a premium; the business of the country went on a fluctuating greenback basis, and there was absolutely no redemption money in circulation until 1879.

Hence, Coin's statement that the law of 1873 destroyed half the redemption money in the United States is simply a colossal falsehood, without the slightest foundation.

Now, we ask every reader to think over this statement carefully, and realize what it means. We repeat, that in previous papers of this series we have PROVED that, while the law provided for bimetallism from 1792 to 1873, we had no real bimetallism except for a few years at the beginning of that time—up to about 1804. No law could make both gold and silver primary or redemption money, and interchangeable, unless the coinage ratio was exactly the same as the market ratio of the bullion.

From about 1804 to 1834 we had silver only as primary or redemption money.

From 1834 to 1862 we had gold only as primary or redemption money.

From 1862 to 1879 we had no primary money.

Hence it follows, as surely as day follows night, that the act of 1873 could not have "destroyed one-half of our redemption money."

Therefore, the evils which Coin asserts followed, could not have been because of that act.

If a man assert sthat certain things are due to a certain cause, and you prove that cause never existed, then the things were due to some other cause, were they not?

After about 1804, we never had gold and silver both as redemption money.

How then could our redemption money be cut in half by that law?

Now, another phase of this matter.

Our redemption money was not composed of equal volumes of gold and silver money in 1873, as Coin assumes when he declares that the coinage act of that year destroyed the silver half of it. In point of fact, we had no redemption money in circulation at all. It was an article of merchandise, bought and sold as is wheat, or cotton, or cattle.

Therefore, what becomes of "the crime of 1873?"

All who followed the Horr-Harvey debate know that Mr. Harvey stuck to that assertion, in spite of the fact that Mr. Horr produced the facts from the Congressional Globe of the years in which it was debated in Congress—which had previously been fully given in this series of articles in The Blade. Those debates show that, if any member of Congress, of either House or Senate, was ignorant that the act established the gold dollar as the unit, and dropped the silver dollar entirely from our coinage, it was not because the thing was done secretly, for that was impossible; it was simply because he neglected his duty, and did not examine the bill nor listen to the discussions, nor read them in the Globe, a copy of which was on his desk every morning.

Right here is a good time to quote a recent utterance of the venerable Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont. He took his seat in the United States Senate on March 4, 1867, and he has been in continuous service ever since. He was in the Senate at the time the coinage law of 1873 was passed, and here is what he recently said about it:

There has been a loud and delusive cry about the act of Congress in 1873 which, after three years of consideration by the Treasury department and by Congress, purposely omitted to provide for the further coinage of the silver dollar, none having been coined for nearly forty years, and only eight millions had ever been coined. At that time the only currency in use as money was depreciated paper, a legal tender for all debts, and debts then on a specie basis could have been paid in gold at about 2 per cent less cost than in silver. It was sought to avoid its instability, which followed sooner, perhaps, than was expected; and this prudent and politic act has been the ark which has saved our people from being wholly overwhelmed by the silver flood. Some members of Congress, who have spunkily confessed ignorance of its passage, appear to have been "a-woolgathering" ever since. Only when shrinking silver suggested its use in payment of debts with less than had been promised was the wrong tenderly commiserated.

The act, however, is still assailed by demagogues who use a big word, unknown to such lexicographers as Johnson, and swear at "the crime of '73, which demonetized silver." If this bugaboo word means that the United States, or the world, had less silver money than in 1873, or that our silver dollar was deprived of a legal-tender prerogative, it is a gross falsehood. According to the director of the mint there has been an increase of the world's silver coinage since 1873 to the amount of $13,000,000,000, or an increase of 50 per cent of the world's silver coinage, of which the United States contributed the largest share.

The government has purchased not less than $375,000,000 of silver, and has coined 429,000,000 of silver dollars—many times more than was ever coined before. The party is not hostile to silver, but has reached the point, as has France, beyond which it is dangerous to go without the co-operation of other leading commercial nations. It is fairly estimated that the United States now hold one-eighth portion of all the silver in the world; and yet our silver dollar, current nowhere else, finds little hospitality at home among its friends or opponents. There is less than one dollar per capita in actual circulation, while the government is compelled to hoard its ponderous tons of silver, and humbly to issue instead certificates of indebtedness, for which gold may be wanted, whether obtainable or not. Were wastes rendered to even silver miners in silver dollars, a general strike would be provoked. The hump on the camel's back can more easily be unloaded than the redundant silver in the belly of the treasury.

We all know that Mr. Harvey, in his debate with Mr. Horr, reiterated that the silver dollar was omitted by stealth from the act of 1873; but did you clearly notice this fact:

That, though challenged to produce any evidence to support that claim, he dodged, and failed to do so?

His allegation was that one line was erased from the bill, either in the conference committee, or in the enrolling room, or somewhere else: he does not seem clear as to when or where or by whom. But he dodged the demand of Mr. Horr for evidence!

Now, the silver mine owners of the West themselves furnish the proof that they—the only ones directly interested—knew that the silver dollar of 412 1-2 grains was omitted from that law; that, instead, it allowed them to bring their silver to the mint and have it coined into trade dollars of 420 grains; and that it required them to pay the actual cost of such coinage.

Now, as previously no charge had been made for coining standard silver dollars of 412 1-2 grains, and they were required to pay for the coining of trade dollars, why did they not at once raise an outcry about it, if the standard dollar had been dropped by stealth?

They raised no outcry. In that same year, they took silver to the mint and paid for coining 1,225,000 trade dollars; the next year, 1874, they had coined 4,910,000 trade dollars; in 1875, they had coined 6,979,000 of them—in those three years they had coined more trade dollars than had been coined of standard silver dollars from 1792 down to 1873! In all there were 35,959,360 trade dollars coined.

Is it possible they were so stupid as not to know the silver dollar had been dropped by stealth, if that were actually the case?

Remember, that this cry of "the crime of 1873" was not raised earlier than 1877 or 1878, according to the recollection of the present writer—certainly not for several years after the passage of the law. If it were true, why was it not raised by the men most interested—the silver mine men—at once?

At the time of the passage of the act of 1873, a standard silver dollar was worth $1.02 in gold. The silver miners did not care one whit about free coinage then. It was more convenient to sell the bullion direct for its market value.

But Germany had abandoned silver in 1871. We followed in 1873, and other nations speedily. Meanwhile the silver output was increasing. Under these conditions the price of silver began falling, and kept on until a silver dollar was worth less than a greenback dollar. That point was reached about 1877. Then they began to clamor for the free coinage of the silver dollar, and they have kept it up ever since.

The charge concerning "the crime of 1873" was never voiced until that time. Who first formulated the falsehood we do not know; but it is a falsehood, deliberately told to deceive voters. It is one of the weapons of the great conspiracy which is endeavoring to wreck the credit of the country and ruin the people.

Now, we shall examine Coin's charges that the alleged fall in prices since 1873 is due to the "demonetization" of silver, and show its falsity.

Once more we repeat: If we have misstated any position of Coin, or made any statement that can be shown to be false, we ask that it be pointed out. We are trying to get at the truth, and nothing but the truth, no matter which side it favors.

OUR REVIEW OF "COIN."

Adams, Ore., July 20, 1895.—Editor Blade:—I want to congratulate The Blade on the triumphant success of its review of "Coin's Financial School."

I have for ten years been a careful reader of The Blade, and at least two other papers of its class. But this is the best exposition of the silver question I have yet seen.

Some months ago I read "Coin," and while not at all impressed with its logic(?), its position was so adroitly sustained that I could not help regarding it as a somewhat dangerous book.

I hope The Blade will continue as it began, unto the close of the last chapter, and then give some attention to the appended story—"A Tale of Two Nations," as I find that many silver men, while admitting that the so-called lectures are a myth, think this story is a faithful record of an actual fact.

Now The Blade's review is too good and valuable to drop out of sight with its publication in its present form and is too cumbersome for preserving for convenient future use. I would suggest that it be issued as a pamphlet to be sold at a fair price or offered as a premium to Blade subscribers. Again I congratulate The Blade. Respectfully,
JEFF BROWN.

We intend to put the entire series in the form of a Blade extra, at its conclusion, along with Nasby's letters on silver. Due announcement will be made of the publication.—Ed. Blade.

Man Will Always be Barbarous.

The Armenian atrocities startled and shocked the civilized world. So did the accounts of the cruelties perpetrated in the war between China and Japan, and hardly less repulsive are tales of torture inflicted by both sides in the struggle in Cuba. The fact seems to be that war is essentially barbarism, and that, though the customs of civilized nations incline to humanity and strict observance of conceded rights, they can only mitigate, at best, not destroy, the brutal instincts to which warfare, under the best conditions, inevitably appeals.—Baltimore American.

The Way It is Done.

First Man (just introduced)—I beg pardon, but I did not quite catch your name?

Second Man—It's Hawkins, and I'm in the same fix.

First Man—Mine's Bawkins. By the way, what's the chap's name who introduced us?

Second Man—I don't know. I was just introduced to him.—Harper's Bazar.

Shark Oil Best for Watches.

The best watchmaker's oil is found in the jaw of the shark. About half a pint is found in each shark.

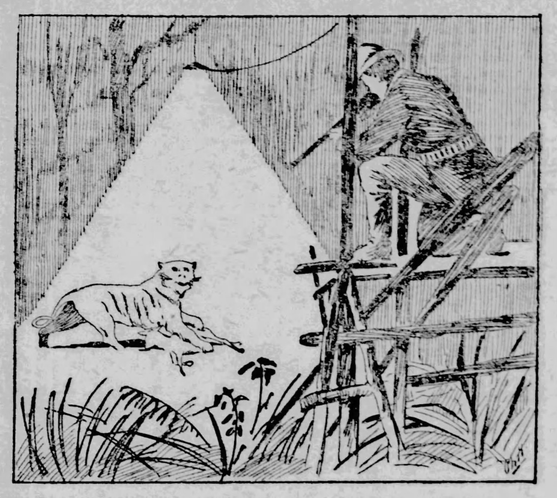
HUNTING TIGERS BY FLASHLIGHT

VALUABLE ELECTRICAL DEVICE USED IN THE NOBLE INDIA SPORT.

The Hunter Presses a Button and Then Takes Deadly Aim.

Electricity has now been applied to tiger hunting, and the sportsman in the Indian jungle before he pulls the trigger of his gun touches a button, which throws a flood of light upon his prey, says the New York World. This may rob tiger-hunting of much of its romance, but it is effective, and thus far, several large, well-developed tigers have been gathered in as a result of the clever arrangement. It has been found almost impossible to draw tigers into the open during the day near thickly settled parts of India. But at night this is easily accomplished by placing a dead carcass in some convenient place, where the hunter may die hidden in ambush. But after the tiger has scented the blood of the dead animal and has begun to tear the carcass, it is difficult for the hunter to take aim without seeing him. This has now been obviated by hanging an electric light directly over the carcass. At the instant that the light is turned on the tiger is so startled by its appearance that he does not move. Tigers are not in the habit of looking up and it takes several seconds before the animal realizes where the new strange light comes from. This pause, which he makes before endeavoring to escape, is quite sufficient to enable the sportsman to take aim and place a large, substantial bullet in a vital part of the tiger's body.

"At present," says the inventor of this system, "I use a battery of six large cells, filled with sal ammoniac. It is very heavy and cumbersome, and the light only a five candle power lamp. Its recommendations are that the battery is good for the next ten years, and only wants an occasional filling up of the cells with water and sometimes a little fresh sal ammoniac. As I can only go shooting during six months of the year, this is a great advantage. The method of using is as



TIGER HUNTING AT NIGH T BY ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

follows: From the box containing the cells I have a line of wire (double of course), say thirty to forty feet long, slipped onto each end of the box by butterly nuts, the lamp, which is tied to a branch of a tree immediately over say twenty feet high, the bait being at the other end. At about two yards from the battery there is a connection I think called a male switch. A short line of wire about three or four feet long makes the connection to the fore end of my rifle; at one end of this short length is a female switch to fit on to the above male one, and at the other end two small rings are made of the wires. These rings are fastened by two big-headed screws to the bed of the connection. On nearing the tiger at the kill, I aim as nearly in the direction as I can, then a slight pressure of the thumb makes the electric connection and the light opens right over the tiger." This scientific sportsman also employed accumulators, but they did not seem to be adapted to such rough work. He is now fitting himself with a battery which may be carried in the belt like cartridges. Thirty such batteries carried in this way would, it is estimated be sufficient to provide a sixteen-candle power light. This system of night hunting, it has been suggested might well be employed in hunting big game in the Rockies.

HEROES OF LONG ISLAND.

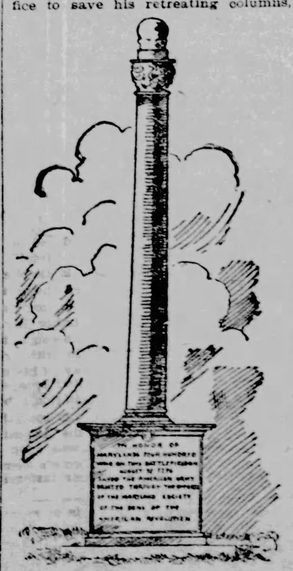
Are to be Honored by a Beautiful Granite Shaft.

Special Correspondence to The Blade.

Brooklyn, July 27.—The one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the battle of Long Island will be celebrated in Prospect Park August 27, when a granite shaft in memory of the sons of Maryland who died in that memorable struggle will be unveiled. The shaft, which is the gift of the Maryland Society of the Sons of the Revolution, will be placed on Lookout Hill. The part played by the Maryland troops was one of the sublimest recorded in the annals of war, deserving to rank in glory with the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava.

It was about noon when it became apparent to General Stirling that the enemy had turned the American flank, and was pressing upon his rear, as was shown by his left wing recoiling back to its center; and all doubt was soon removed, when he received intelligence that the rest of the American army had melted away before the fierceness of the British assault.

Cornwallis had taken possession of the Cortelyou house, in the rear of Stirling, and the latter saw that if he could not drive him back, or, at least, hold him where he was, his whole command would suffer death or capture. He resolved upon a costly sacrifice to save his retreating columns,



MONUMENT TO MARYLAND'S HEROES.

which were now tolling through the salt marshes and across the deep tidewater creek in their rear. Changing his front, and taking with him less than four hundred of the Maryland regiment, under Major Gist, Stirling ordered the rest of the force to retreat across the Gowanus marsh and creek, which the rising tide was making every moment less and less passable.

Smallwood's regiment, composed in a large part of the sons of the best families of Maryland, nicknamed the "Macaroni" by the Tories of New York, due to perfect equipment, and proud of being distinguished as the best drilled and best disciplined of American forces, were now to have their courage, their self-devotion and their discipline proved. Gen. Lord Stirling placed himself at the head of these sons of Maryland, and the little band, now hardly numbering four hundred men, prepared for an assault upon five times their number of the troops of the invading army, who were inflamed with all the arrogance of successful combat. Forming hurriedly on ground in the vicinity of Fifth avenue and Tenth street, the light column advanced along the road into the jaws of battle. Artillery plowed their fast thinning ranks with the awful bolts of war; infantry fired volley after volley of musket balls upon them, and from the rear the Hessian Jagers sent leaden messengers of death.

At the head of the devoted band marched their general. Amid all the terrible carnage of the hour there was no hurry or confusion, only a grim despair, which their courage and self-devotion dignified into martyrship. The advance bodies of the enemy were driven back upon the Cortelyou house, now becoming a formidable redoubt, from the windows of which the leaden hail thinned the patriot ranks as they approached. Lord Cornwallis hurriedly brought two guns into position near one corner of the house, and added their canister and grape to the tempest of death. At last the little column halted, powerless to advance in the face of this murderous fire, yet disdaining to retreat with the disgrace of a flight. Again and again these self-devoted heroes closed their ranks over the bodies of their dead comrades, and still turned their faces to the foe.

Stirling again called on the survivors of the previous dreadful assault, and again the noble young men gathered around their general. The impetus and spirit of this charge carried the battalion over every obstacle quite to the house. The gunners were driven from their battery, and Cornwallis seemed about to abandon the position; but the galling fire from the interior of the house and from the adjacent high ground, with the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, who were now approaching again, compelled a retreat. Three times more the survivors rallied, flinging themselves upon the constantly reinforced ranks of the enemy; but the combat, so long and so unequally sustained, was now hastening to its close. A few minutes more of this destroying fire, and 256 of the noble youth of Maryland were either prisoners in the hands of the enemy or lay side by side in that awful mass of dead and dying.

On the conical hill within the American lines stood the commander-in-chief, General Washington, and as he witnessed the assault, the repulse and the massacre, he exclaimed in agony of heart: "Good God! What brave fellows must I this day lose!" A part of three of the companies broke the enemy's lines and fought their way through to the woods, where they were either killed or captured. Only Major Gist and thirteen of his men made their escape across the creek to the American lines.

The monument is in the form of a Corinthian column. The total height of the column and base will be 39 feet. The shaft is fashioned from Tennessee marble, highly polished, set upon a base of rough granite. Surmounting the shaft is a bronze ball, resting on carved supports. Upon the front of the base will be this inscription:

In Honor of
Maryland's Four Hundred
Who on this Battlefield,
August 27, 1776,
Saved the American Army.

Erected by the efforts of the
Maryland Society of the
Sons of the American
Revolution.

Upon the opposite side will be carved the words which Washington used when he saw the Maryland men fighting such tremendous odds:

"Good God! What brave fellows must I this day lose!"

The exercises at the dedication will consist of a parade of the soldiers, sailors and marines who are stationed around New York. The Second Brigade of the state militia stationed in Brooklyn and many civil societies will take part. The address will be made by ex-Governor Lee Carroll, of Maryland, president of the Maryland society, for the state, and by Horace Porter and General Stewart L. Woodford, of New York. There will be an entertainment given to the visiting societies from Maryland which will consist of veterans of the Fifth regiment of Maryland and the societies of the S. A. R. of New York societies of the same order will also attend.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING.

Pearl gray, with a decided blue tinge, is a reigning favorite tint in color.

All kinds of thin, gauzy materials are popular this season for both gowns and waists.

Patent leather shoes, with black stockings, and tan shoes with stockings to match are the reigning styles of the season.

Hats of combination straw and satin braid are trimmed with bands and rosettes or standing bows of the same pliable fancy braid.

An entire dome of changeable lavender silk over which is showered small bunches of violets intermingled with detached violets is a springlike affair.

Collars and cuffs of batiste, or India lawn, edged with narrow ruffles of yellowed valenciennes lace, are much in favor and freshen a costume wonderfully.

Collars consisting of successive strands of small pearls are reckoned very stylish. A new bracelet shows alternate stars of rubies and diamonds connected by links.

The Princess of Wales, who was once the acknowledged leader of fashion, but whose right to rule is now questioned, has lately started wearing small sleeves on her gowns.

Many shirt waists have a narrow border around the collars and cuffs and bordering the opening down the front. There are also some having white collars, but these are not favored by the most fastidious women.

The new plain and figured mohairs are gaining favor very rapidly. They are very silky in appearance, light in weight, and do not hold the dust. The new alpacas most approved of fashion are a widely meshed material, peculiarly glossy, but almost rough in finish.

Shirt waists maintain their popularity unabated. They are made not only in serviceable cambric, percale and gingham, but also in the finest dimity, with a discreet adornment of lace and ribbon. The plaiter ones have almost exclusively the turn down collar.

Getting the Money.

Father—He says he loves you, but can he support you in the style you have been accustomed to?

Daughter—Even better, father, dear, if you will just furnish the money; that is all that discourages him.—Kansas City Catholic.

RICHMOND STATE LIBRARY

Will be the Home of Houdon's Statue of Washington.

Richmond, July 27.—The completion of the new State Library, which will be one of the events of the next few days, is fraught with historical interest, not only to the people of Virginia, but of the country at large, for the new edifice will become the permanent abode of the marble reproductions of some of the nation's greatest men. It

HOUDON'S WASHINGTON IN MARBLE.

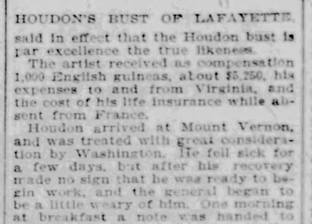
was in 1891 that the state legislature became aware that the treasured antiquities in the old capitol and library were in danger of the building's collapse or of fire, and passed a bill providing for the erection of a new library and appropriated $300,000. The structure is now practically completed. The style of architecture is Roman classic, in its most classical period. The materials employed in the exterior of the building are buff bricks and buff terra-cotta. The interior of the building is constructed in a strictly fire proof manner, consisting of steel beams, trusses and other metal work in connection with terra-cotta fire proof materials.

The most interesting of the historic relics which will now have a fit and secure abiding place, is without doubt the famous statue of George Washington, by Houdon. If for no other reason, it would be so from the fact that it is the only effigy of the Father of his Country taken from life. In 1784 the general assembly had voted this statue and James Madison had penned the inscription for the pedestal as it now appears thereon:

"The general assembly of the commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero, the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given to the world an immortal example of true glory."

Thomas Jefferson, then in Paris, engaged Houdon to come to Virginia and make the statue. Houdon arrived at Mount Vernon, October 3, 1785, remaining, and returned to Paris about January, 1786. He completed the statue in 1788. The capitol not being finished, it was detained in France till 1796, reached Philadelphia in April, and Richmond in May of that year, and was erected in the Rotunda May 14, 1796.

Lafayette said of the statue: "It is a fac simile of Washington's person," and Gilbert Stuart, the great artist,



HOUDON'S BUST OF LAFAYETTE.

said in effect that the Houdon bust is par excellence the true likeness.

The artist received as compensation 1,000 English guineas, about $5,250, his expenses to and from Virginia, and the cost of his life insurance while absent from France.

Houdon arrived at Mount Vernon, and was treated with great consideration by Washington. He fell sick for a few days, but after his recovery made no sign that he was ready to begin work, and the general began to be a little weary of him. One morning at breakfast a note was handed to Washington, who had given notice that he wished to buy a pair of carriage horses, stating that a pair had been sent down for his inspection. He walked out to look at them, and Houdon with him. Expressing himself as much pleased with the horses, he asked their price, and was answered, a thousand dollars! He at once, and all unconsciously, assumed an attitude and aspect of indignation at such extortion, when to everybody's amazement, Houdon cried out triumphantly, "Ah, at last I have zee face." And from that hour there was no loss of time till the cast was made. So Washington did not buy the horses, but Houdon caught his "inspiration," and the statue its pose.

The silent figure of Washington has had as a neighbor through all these years a bust of Lafayette, also by Houdon. By some mishap the nose of Lafayette got broken off. On the occasion of his visit to Richmond in 1824, there was great trepidation lest he reach the city before it could be restored; but happily it was accomplished in time.

Other relics will occupy places in the same room with Houdon's marbles. Among them will be the chair of the speaker of the House of Burgesses, made in 1700, also a three-story stove of unique design and much ornamented by figures in relief, which was made in London in 1770 by Buzaglo, a celebrated stovemaker of that period. It was ordered by Lord Botetourt, governor, as a present to the House of Burgesses. Besides these, there will be the marriage bond of Thomas Jefferson, formerly on file in the Charles City county court house. In an adjoining case is placed the written parole of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, with the defeated British commander's real signature. Close by is the last dispatch of Stonewall Jackson, written on the battlefield at Chancellorsville about 2 p. m. He was mortally wounded a few hours later. This dispatch was written in pencil. It is said, on the mane of his saddle. Not far away is an autograph letter of Washington, written from Mount Vernon seven days before his death. There is a grim reminder of the stirring times through which Virginia has passed since that letter of Washington's was written in the pike, exhibited in a nearby case, which was brought to the sacred soil of the state by John Brown with which to arm the negroes for insurrection in 1859.

Spiders Are Great Eaters.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

OLD FAVORITES.

Note to Blade Readers.

Quite a number of persons are writing to complain that their requests for the publication of poems have not been complied with. The reason is that we can't give the whole paper to them. We have one file over 200 letters, asking for the publication of over 200 different poems. We are putting those most called for first.

We suggest that no more requests be sent in for a time. It will take us over a year to print all that are asked for already.

We cannot reprint war songs. Several years ago we reprinted all the principal war songs of the civil war, and cannot reprint them again and again.

BURY ME NOT IN THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea."
These words came slow and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch, where, day by day,
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shades had slowly passed, and now,
When his friends and his once loved home drew nigh,
They gathered around to see him die.

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll o'er me,
Where no light will break through the dark, cold wave,
And no sunshine rest upon my grave.
It matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
Yet grant ye, oh, grant ye, this boon to me,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

"Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tear can be mingled there;
Let me lie where the loved ones can weep over me,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
And there is another whose tears will be shed
For him who lies low in the ocean's bed,
For the sake of the loved ones now waiting for me,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed there;
They gave no heed to his dying prayer.
They lowered him slowly o'er the vessel's side,
And above him closed the dark, cold tide,
Where to dip their light wings the sea fowls rest,
And the blue waves dance on the ocean's crest.

REMEMBERING THE DAY.

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the things that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One smile most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.
—Selected.

HOME TALKS.

WORRY AND DISCONTENT ALWAYS HINDER THE BEST RESULTS.

Let Genius Find Its Way to Expression While Doing the Work at Hand.

A woman, still young and energetic, came within my ken not long ago who is in a fair way of ruining her life because of the unwise way she has of looking at things. She started out in life with the conviction that she possessed the talent to make herself famous as a writer if she had half an opportunity for its development. Circumstances have not been kind to her in that respect. She was obliged to take a position no better than that occupied by scores of other girls who were not gifted beyond the ordinary, because there were helpless ones who were dependent upon her efforts. And how she is rebelling against this necessity! She goes around with the feeling that she is not getting her just deserts; that somebody or something—I do not suppose she ever formulated in her own mind what the power is of which she complained—has maliciously prevented her from coming to her own, or what she believes ought to be hers by right. She wears constantly an injured air. She never lets an opportunity pass of telling how much she dislikes the work she is doing, and even when she says nothing, the thought remains uppermost in her mind that she is being cheated of her rights.

The natural result of all this is that she does not put the right kind of thought in what she is doing, and her work bids fair to prove a final failure. Discontent expresses itself in lack of good accomplishment, that is, if like hers, it be of the fretful kind, which is occupied with pity for the disappointed self. There is a higher discontent, if so it can be named, that leads to greater effort, and the attainment of an excellence that will bring better things; that is, if material advancement "is" better, which may sometimes be doubted when spiritual growth is considered. Our friend, however, has no perception of these things. She thinks the fires of genius were burning within her, and she was prevented from giving them outward expression. She has allowed this belief to rule her life to the exclusion of much that might have given her happiness. She has made herself miserable, and put those for whom she is working in the attitude of paupers upon her bounty. I do not know whether they are conscious of this or not, but if they are, there can not fail to be a feeling of humiliation or resentment in their hearts, going far to make life an insupportable burden.

Now this woman is making two grievous mistakes. She has been constantly weakening her own powers, destroying her own usefulness, and putting further away from her the possibility of ever attaining her desires. She is losing the opportunity for making a spiritual growth in character which would serve her in time and eternity. Of one thing we may all rest assured—that what of pain or disappointment comes into our lives, it is beneficent in its final outcome if patiently accepted and rightly used. Both come to us through the action of law, and that law must be and always is a just one.

Taking it, however, from a purely material point of view she has been working in the wrong way. There is one invariable rule to be applied to all that comes to our hand to do, and that is, not only to do it, but to put into its doing our best effort in whatever proportion it is needed. But it must be of our best, otherwise the habit of superficial effort becomes fixed and renders better work when the opportunity arrives impossible. I do not believe this woman I speak of, if relieved to-morrow from what she considers an unjust tax upon her powers which something she calls fate has brought to her, could do anything of moment in the direction she believes her genius prompts her, for the simple reason that she has poorly done what has been required of her, carrying always a complaining spirit, and thus shutting out the currents of successful thought which might, in time, have brought her what she so much desired.

One thing is a certainty—the object that is of the most worth must be obtained at the greatest cost. A high ideal, whether for material or spiritual good can only be approached by continuous struggle. Great accomplishment may seem to the looker-on to have been easily reached, but outside of rare instances there are always difficult steps to be taken even if they are out of sight. Fear and discontent diminish the strength to take them, and that is why I do not believe this woman would ever win any laurels in literature. She is constantly dissipating her forces, instead of adding to them as a reserve for the future.

I fully understand that no one can be happy who feels that he is not putting to good use whatever ability in any direction he believes himself to possess. Herbert Spencer says what is true, that every creature is happy when he is fully using his powers. Not that anybody in one short life reaches the limit of his possibilities, because powers of which he is not conscious are surely his, but if he feels that he is giving expression to the best that is within him on the plane where he is working, there is a fullness of satisfaction that nothing else brings. It is true, if fame, or money, or pleasure, be the sole object, the satisfaction is not lasting. The unhappiest person I ever knew was one who seemed to have attained everything in a material way that a human being could desire. That was because the whole effort had been selfish from the beginning. There was no greater aim than to succeed for what success was to bring him in a personal way. There was no thought of humanity's needs, no aspiration to be humanity's helper.

To return. Many people stand precisely where our unhappy friend does with regard to their daily occupation. They are doing work not of their own choosing, and they are fretting inwardly, if not outwardly, and thus failing to win what of good might be theirs, and more than that, putting the opportunity for something more to their taste farther away. If worry and discontent make the mental life there is no room for the entrance of the thoughts which bring strength and power to compel a change in the conditions and environments which, under such influences, will grow worse instead of better.

The sum and substance of the matter is this: The purpose of our lives is growth in character, and every trial that comes to us is simply an instrument put into our hands with which to work our way onwards. We may turn it upon ourselves to our own undoing, or we may make it potent for a good which, in its ultimate, cannot be measured.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

There is Always Comfort to be Found, Even in Hot Weather.

"What are these hot, summer days good for?" asked my indolent friend "Of course, I know all about their being just the thing to make corn grow, and all of that. I have had that thrown at me every time I complained of the heat since I was a little girl, but I am not especially interested in such things. I am like the young man who said it made no difference to him whether the potato crop failed or not, as he boarded, and it does seem as if such very hot weather was not of much use in the city, any way.

My housekeeping friend listened to this indolent young person and then said that she had found these days good for one thing at least. They are splendid days for washing bed-clothing. The quilts will dry through so completely, and the cotton in them will be as light and puffy as new. Blankets will dry so soon that they will not have time to shrink, and when you take them down you can smooth them out, fold, wrap them in newspapers and put them away feeling certain that there are no eggs of moths on them.

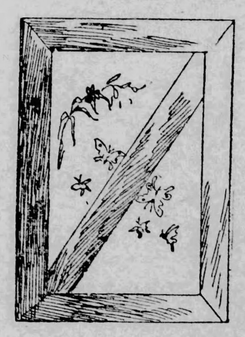
"I never iron blankets or quilts that are dried on such days," said this wise woman, "but if the day is just warm and they dry slowly, I always go over them with a hot iron, to destroy any possible germs, before putting them away. I prefer to wrap them in newspapers, as the ink on them seems to be very unpleasant to the moth miller. Cover them completely, tie them up, and, if you have it, put a sprig of lavender with them, and when you need them in the winter you will have a very pleasant reminder of the hot summer days."

SOME PRETTY PICK-UPS

For Those Ladies Who Never Waste a Moment, Even on Hot Days.

Baby's Blanket.

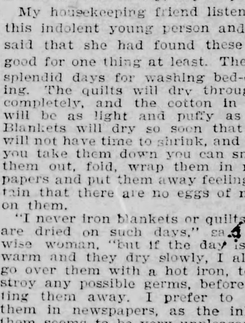
This dainty affair is made of white eiderdown cloth, lined with pink cashmere and with a five-inch strip of



pink plush around the edge and diagonally across the center. In each of the divisions formed by this band is worked a spray of blossoms done in pink, light blue and shades of olive.

Tray Cloth.

Take an oval piece of light grey linen, twelve and one-fourth inches long and eight and three-fourths wide, including the fringe, which is one and three-eighths inches deep. Button-hole the edge with fine olive purse silk, securing the fringe, which has to be shortened at the rounding corners.



Work a border of two rows of stem-stitch in scarlet silk, enclosing light olive rounds in flat satin stitches united by dark olive Italian stitches and red knot-stitches, repeated also between dark olive curves. Rounds also worked in flat satin stitch united to form trefoils at top of curves.—The Season.

Lunch Cloth.

Buy a fine damask cloth having a design of clover leaves upon it. Embroider the damask pattern in the correct shades of green to form a border as desired around the edge, and for the center embroider a circle of the leaves bordering the exact middle of the cloth.—G. W. A.

A Rustic Easel.

The frame was of two rough pieces of board about five feet long, with two cross pieces of the same, and was screwed together. The back piece, or rest, was a little shorter than the other two, so that the front pieces could be mounted on castors.

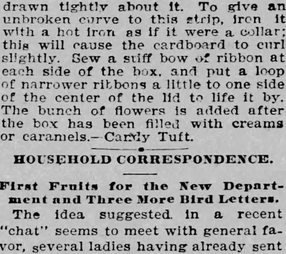
The frame was covered with a coating of glue, put on as the work progressed, and to this every sort of the moss family that could be found was added. Acorn cups and nuts were scattered here and there over the moss, and where the wood was joined together acorns and frail, feathery ferns and small cones were artistically fastened. Clematis was trailed around the frame, mixed with crimson sprays of dried bitter-sweet berries. The lower cross-piece was a piece of silver birch bough, cut the required length. The back-piece, against which the frame rested, was of plain bark, tacked on, as glue would not hold it.—C. C.

Bonbon Box.

Materials — One-fourth yard of cream-colored satin, a sheet of cotton wadding, one yard of inch-wide ribbon, a sheet of medium heavy cardboard and a bunch of natural or artificial flowers.

Cut two pieces of the cardboard in an oval shape six and one-half inches by four inches at the longest and widest points. Cover one side of one of the ovals with cotton wadding cut the exact size of the cardboard; baste this to the satin so that it runs across and not lengthwise of the board; cut out the satin allowing a half-inch seam all around; turn this edge over the rim of the cardboard and glue neatly to the under side. Cover the other oval with satin only, turning in the edges as before and glue the wrong sides of both pieces together. Repeat these directions for the bottom of the box, excepting the use of the wadding, which is only necessary on the outside of the lid.

For the sides cut a strip of cardboard one inch wide and long enough to meet and lap half an inch around the ovals; line it with the satin, sew it by one edge to the oval forming the bottom of the box, and finish on the outside with a band of ribbon



drawn tightly about it. To give an unbroken curve to this strip, iron it with a hot iron as if it were a collar; this will cause the cardboard to curl slightly. Sew a stiff bow of ribbon at each side of the box, and put a loop of narrower ribbons a little to one side of the center of the lid to life it by. The bunch of flowers is added after the box has been filled with creams or caramels.—Cardy Tuft.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

First Fruits for the New Department and Three More Bird Letters.

The idea suggested in a recent "chat" seems to meet with general favor, several ladies having already sent letters of approval, but all are waiting for some one else to send suggestions for the name, etc. The editor will be glad to hear from all who are interested and will forward any plans that will be for the pleasure and profit of the members of the Household. Catherine Adams came in this week with a practical suggestion that may be a help to some one.

I will accept the editor's invitation to run in informally to-day, without waiting for this new department to organize, or even to find a name for itself, because I have something I wish to tell you before it is too late to be of any use to you this summer.

I have a robin's-egg blue percale shirt waist that I always take great comfort in wearing, as it is "just my color," nice material and nicely made. You can imagine my dismay when it came home from its first washing with the collar and cuffs of a streaked, pink color. Spots of pink were on the sleeves and waist, also. I supposed the garment was utterly ruined, especially as a friend told me that though I might soak the pink color out, the original color would never return.

I was thinking about it, when all at once a statement from my long-forgotten chemistry lessons came to me: "Acids will restore blue and red colors," etc. Acting under this suggestion I put in a pan sufficient clear, cold water to cover the shirt waist, and in it squeezed the juice of a lemon till the water tasted quite sour. I then put the collar and cuffs into this sour water and let them lie for two hours, when they showed such a decided improvement that I put the whole waist into the water and let it lie till morning. Then I washed it in clear, warm water, starched the collar and cuffs; dried it in the shade; sprinkled and ironed it without cold-starching it or rolling it up, and it looked just as well as it did when it was bought. The laundress thought the trouble came from cold-starching it and letting it lie rolled up for a while before she ironed it, as she had found the colors in a red and white waist had run together with that treatment, when they had been warranted fast.—Catherine Adams.

A Plea for the Birds.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

When the first faint tints of coming dawn begin to brighten in the east, close beside my window I hear a soft twitter, which is answered quickly by a louder note and then another and another until the air is filled with music and each tiny songster is pouring out his heart in gladness with the simple joy of living.

And yet the little heart must cease to beat, and the sweet voice be stilled forever because some one who is stronger is able to take the poor little defenseless body and use it for personal adornment. The precious life must be sacrificed that some heartless, or at least thoughtless, woman may enjoy for a few days the bright plumage that would have brightened the earth for many months, if left to fulfil the mission for which the Creator designed it.

God has implanted the love of the beautiful in our hearts, and then in His wisdom has surrounded us with beauty for its gratification; but nowhere is natural beauty given at the cost of a life. Life, even of a bird, is infinitely more precious than mere sensual pleasure, though the highest of our senses be gratified. The custom of killing birds for personal adornment is not the gratification of a genuine love for the beautiful; it is an artificial fad that is surely the sign of a depraved taste. We not only wrong the birds by taking from them that which we have no power to give, but we wrong our own souls by stifling the higher instincts of right and justice. The penalty of wrong doing must be paid, if not by us, then by those who come after us; and even in this which may seem a small matter, we should hesitate to bring trouble upon others. I said "small matter," but is the life of any creature a small matter? Is it not our duty and privilege to regard all things as the result of the hidden love force of nature, which we realize in our being, and yet can only grope after in blind human weakness?

Follow this custom of uselessly destroying bird life to its logical conclusion, and where will it end? Imagine the forests silent; the air unstirred by the rustle of a wing; the great heart of nature sad for her little ones. The deadly upas tree of selfishness has flung its poison over all the earth, and nothing is safe from its blight. Love is the only potent elixir.

The dear Lord who loveth us
Maketh and loveth all.
—Maud Abbey.

It Is Not Right.

It seems to me that vanity has reached its greatest height when it causes one, simply for adornment, to take the life of the inoffensive birds which were created by the same supreme being that we were, and are guarded by the same loving care; for does not Christ say that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without the Father's notice? Oh, how grieved must the loving Father be when He sees the thousands of birds wantonly destroyed to satisfy the decree of Dame Fortune!

There can be no law of right by which such killing may be squared. It is in direct opposition to God's laws of mercy. Do you not think the Golden Rule could be applied to our treatment of these harmless creatures as well as to mankind?

Let us reverse the case of the birds. How would we enjoy it if they were stronger than we, and should kill us just for their pleasure, as we do them? I think if we look at it in this light, we will see that we have no right to make such a use of the superior strength given us by God.

We certainly have a duty in the case, and it is to not encourage the destruction of the feathered tribe by wearing their plumage ourselves, and to try to influence others to give up the practice by showing them it is wrong. My sisters, it lies with us to do away with this wanton destruction, for so long as our vanity prompts us to wear birds for our adornment, so long will their love of gain prompt the 'lords of creation" to kill them.

I have never worn birds on my hat. I am a King's Daughter, and I think a bird on my hat would be very much out of keeping with the silver cross at my throat, which shows that I am trying to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. —I. D. C.

Adam as Well as Eve to Blame.

It seems to me the sisters of the Household write only one side of the question. Is it any worse to kill birds to adorn a woman's hat than to feed a man's stomach? I have seen hundreds of little songsters strung up in the meat and poultry markets, for sale to eat. It takes a great many birds to feed a dozen men at a stag party, and they almost always have birds in some form at such parties. Please, do not misunderstand me; I do not believe in killing birds. I have never worn a bird in my life. I also have three boys, ages 17, 15 and 12 years who have never taken a bird's nest nor had a caged bird, but have sometimes brought home a wounded one to nurse until it died or got well; they have been taught otherwise from babyhood, but I do not think woman should have all the censure.—Equality.

TAKE HEART.

Round thee, o'er thee all is fair;
Birds are singing everywhere.
Why doth thou so often say
Life is but a fitful May?
Snow clouds fleck all thy days:
Thinkest thou no better ways
'Wait thy footsteps, and no skies
Ever come to mortal eyes
Void of shadows? Listen thou;
He who gave thee breath doth now
Open fields of joy to thee;
Strange this joy thou canst not see!
Art thou weeping o'er the grave
Of a lost love, sorrow's slave?
Art thou lingering at the tomb
Where a hope hath died in bloom?
Soul, if love and hope are lost,
Seekest thou to pay the cost
With an endless flood of tears?
Ere thou countest many years
Give the birth to hope again,
Rear a love unknown to pain
Anchored to that Star above—
Star whose very self is love!
—Raven of Wood's Edge.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS

Concerning Things That We Do Not Know and Others That We Do.

F. C. E.:—The qualifications for a governess differ somewhat according to the age of the children under her care. For young children she must have a knowledge of common English branches and be able to teach the rudiments of French and German and to speak these languages well enough for ordinary conversation at least. A knowledge of piano music is also required in most families. With older pupils the governess must be able to assist them in more advanced studies. She usually is expected to have an oversight of the younger children and act as companion to the older ones, out of study hours. Of course these requirements vary in different families.—Ed.

Carrie Bartlett:—You will find answer to your question in the Cook's department this week.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Can any one tell me where I can get or how to make beer-seed? as we used to call them. They look like little lumps of dough; I don't know how they originated; but the neighbors used to give them to each other, and they seemed to multiply rapidly, small ones coming and growing larger. They were put in sweetened water I think, and soon made a nice drink. That was in Kentucky when I was a child, and since I came west have never seen or heard of any.—M. A. Green.

Will some one tell me where I can obtain the address of reliable parties to whom I can sell an old clock and about what price I ought to receive for it?—W. T.

Under the heading of Old Favorites would you please publish Holmes's poem, "The Boys," and Trowbridge's "Roger and I?"—Iva C. D.

Answers.

Stephen:—More than fifty years ago at a "general muster training" of men enrolled for three days' drill every year in New York this ditty, with numerous pieces of patriotic, printed sheet music, was offered at 2 cents per sheet by a songster:

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

To my dear wife my joy my life
I freely now do give her,
My whole estate with all my plate
Being just about to leave her.

One tub of soap, one old cart rope,
An iron pan and kettle;
An ashen rail, a thrashing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs, nine warden pairs,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay whereon we lay,
An old sauce pan for batter.

A little rug, a two-quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy.
A looking glass to see your face,
You'll find it very handy.

Some devil's weed, and burdock seed
To season well your porridge,
And, if I'm not mistaken, a leg of pork,
A broken fork, and half a pitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel, one peck of meal,
A knife without a handle.
A rusty lamp, two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

This is my store, I have no more,
I heartily do give it. With heaven's prayer,
For her to share God's gift up there,
Being just about to leave it.
JIM.

I don't believe "Aunt Mary" was very much benefited by "Hattie's" answer concerning "poached eggs." I found out a better way, and that is to grease the pan with lard, then add your boiling water, and a little salt; stand the pan back on the stove (so the water doesn't boil) and break the eggs in gently; cover a second or two. They never stick for me, and stand up so nicely. Of course a stale egg will flatten out no matter how carefully you cook it, but the success in poaching depends on keeping the water at boiling point without actually boiling.—Multitudinous.

Will "Multitudinous" please send her full address to the editor of the Household?

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT

Presents Several Requested Recipes and More Hot Weather Dishes.

We give to-day some recipes for quickly prepared dishes and for some that may be served cold, and therefore, prepared before they are needed. A chafing dish is very convenient, but by no means necessary for the preparation of these dishes, as they may be done over a gas fire, or in any fireproof dish over an alcohol lamp. For Sunday evening tea or for a late supper they are very nice.

Cheese Fondu.

Put 2 cupfuls of grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 cupful of milk into a pan, stir it till the cheese is melted and the milk boils. Then add 1 cupful of fine, bread crumbs, 1-4 teaspoonful dry mustard a little salt and cayenne pepper. Mix well and add just just before serving. 2 well beaten eggs. Serve very hot with thin slices of bread and butter.

Another Recipe for Canning Corn.

Cut the corn from the cob, adding sufficient water to cover well, and let come to boiling. Then add 1 level teaspoonful tartaric acid (can be obtained at any drug store) to each quart, and boil 15 minutes, then can in glass cans. When wanted for use, add 1 level teaspoonful of saleratus to each quart and let stand 1 hour before cooking. If the can seals perfectly, you can not fail of success.

Rhubarb Jelly.

Wash and wipe the stalks without peeling them; cut in small pieces, and stew in a porcelain kettle, till soft, allowing 1 pt. of water to 4 lbs. rhubarb. Turn the pulp into a jelly bag and let it drain without squeezing. To each pint of juice allow 1 lb. of sugar. Heat the sugar and add to the juice as soon as it boils. After adding the sugar, let it boil 15 or 20 minutes, till it begins to jell when dropped from the spoon.—Never Fail.

WORKS OF FICTION.

A New and Entertaining Story by Frank R. Stockton.

Most readers of novels have a liking for those of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, on account of the variety of incident, and because of the whimsical humor which pervades them all. The situations, looked at in cold blood, may seem impossible, but enwrapped by his vivid and life-like coloring, all sense of incongruity or absurdity is lost, and the whole makes a striking panorama which delights those who follow it to its close.

The Adventures of Captain Horn is the title of his latest novel, published by the Scribners, and it has the usual characteristics of his writing. The hero is, of course, Captain Horn, a Yankee sailor who, with a few of his ship's crew, and some passengers, the beautiful young girl who is the heroine, her young brother and an elderly lady from "way down East" in the state of Maine, was shipwrecked upon the coast of Peru. There they found a great human mask carved upon the face of a cliff. By its means they discovered a series of caves which seemed to penetrate the mountain that lifted its frowning face over the sea.

Mr. Stockton narrates in his pleasing way their adventures in following this series of caves through to the last one, in which they discover a lake. Penetrating under the lake, a wonderful mound was found, and in that, buried, was a treasure equal to two hundred millions of dollars! Of course this became the property of the finders, and equally, of course, the beautiful heroine marries Captain Horn, whose adventures lasted longer than those of the other characters.

Perhaps one might question whether Mr. Stockton carried out the early promise of the story, whether indeed there was not a falling off from its brilliant opening; but, however that may be, the lovers of strange adventure described by a master pen, will enjoy reading The Adventures of Captain Horn. It is one of the best selling books of the season.

The book to be noticed next week is Into the Highways and Hedges, the first novel of its author, and one attracting considerable attention.

The daughter of Jeff. Davis, popularly known as "Winnie," has written a novel, which is to appear from the press of Harper Bros. this week. The Veiled Doctor is its name, and it is said to be of considerable merit.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Readers of The Blade are invited to ask questions regarding literary matters and they will be answered to the best of the editor's ability.

So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Learn About Kansas and Hear From Members Old and New.

Report of the Order of Blade M. G. Rs. in Kansas. Subject: "Physical Features of Kansas." President, W. C. Millikan, of Independence.

Blackbird:—The general surface of Kansas is a rolling prairie, traversed by a few streams bordered with timber land; the eastern part being very fertile and abundantly wooded.

Long, low hills stretch away to the westward, each with a high knob, and at their base lies a level plain bounded by small creeks, each with its accompanying supply of timber. This marks the eastern boundary of the broad tract that reaches from the great river system to the foot of the majestic Rockies, and that was ages ago an inland sea. The latitude is greatest on the western border, and low sand-hills skirt the southwestern part.

Coal is found in abundance; all of Kansas being above a vast bed of it; but it is not mined extensively in the eastern portion of the state. My home is in Paola, a pretty town environed by small streams, whose luxuriant vegetation enhances their picturesque beauty.

To the west is a low hill, famous to the residents for the reason that John Brown encamped upon its crest in the days of border warfare. On the north is another hill, the site of our High School, and from whose summit one may command a broad and impressive view of the works of Nature and man.

Miss Prudence congratulates Blackbird on her concise and well-worded paper, and hopes the other 50 members in Kansas will (some of them, at least) profit by her example and lose no time in sending in their opinions on the next subject given by their president.

Colorado members, attention! Your president, having heard from no one of her constituents, has been tempted to resign her position. Is this the way in which you intend to help the Order? You, from whom the Chaperone expected so much, are you to fail her entirely? She hopes not, and trusts that every one of you will write briefly and to the point concerning the new subject offered by your president, Miss Josie Williams, Brookside, Colorado. It is this: "Is the United States on the verge of moral, political and financial ruin?"

Chaperone's Confidential.

Philosopher.—The Chaperone's equanimity is not easily disturbed—a fortunate fact since she receives more criticisms, friendly and otherwise, than was accorded to you.

Hazel Thornton:—Thank you for the nice letter. Miss Prudence is very glad that she could be of even a little use to you.

Topsy:—Your idea is very good, and will be duly considered.

Cowboy, Texas:—Please condense your opinions one-half or two-thirds, and come again.

Wau-weta.—Miss Prudence was very glad to see you.

Raven:—Your style is all right, except that you should bear in mind the fact that there are 500 members to be represented in this column, with an average weekly correspondence of from 20 to 25 letters, every one worthy of publication.

Apropos of the above, Miss Prudence wishes to state that letters to insure their speedy appearance must not cover more than two pages of ordinary letter-paper. All that are longer than that will be filed and have to wait their turn.

Keystone Boy:—You will always be welcome.

Minnesota Boy:—You failed to send your full address. It will not be possible to admit you to the Circle until the deficiency is supplied.

Oak Leaf:—You did splendidly, and have earned not only your badge but a most cordial welcome to the M. G. R. Circle.

Letters are acknowledged from Florence, Forest, New England Girl, Penna, Granger, An Old School Teacher, Miss Elsa, Wau-weta, White Calla, Sea Breeze (Ore.) and Mountain Dwarf.

Cow Boy, I. T.:—"I am in favor of female suffrage; if their influence will help to purify the ballot, it is certainly greatly needed. I favor an educated ballot, with the word 'male' stricken from the ballot laws. I believe in one code of moral laws governing both sexes, and think a man should be as honest, true and virtuous toward his sweetheart or wife, as the case may be, as he expects her to be toward him. Now, if Miss Prudence will visit our camp we will furnish a horse and saddle and escort, and take her to dine with a full-blooded Indian. Let her get away from that office for awhile, and she might pick up some new ideas for the benefit of the Eastern members of the Circle."

Miss Prudence appreciates Cow Boy's offer, and would gladly accept it if it were possible, though she is afraid she should make sorry work of horseback riding.

Paul, Iowa:—"I think it absurd that women should not vote, because they cannot fight. They can do, and have done, as much as the men in the wars of the United States by sending food and clothing to the sick and by their hospital work. I think the rule regarding spelling is all right, and if my letters fail to come up to it, I am willing they should go to the waste basket. What is the opinion of the M. G. Rs. concerning 'The Golden Rock' I think it a better story than the Garden of Eden."

Old Bach, Mont.:—"We are in the midst of summer (June 25) and the mountain scenery can scarcely be surpassed in beauty. Our streams are alive with trout, and if Country Cousin will come out to Medicine Springs, I will see that she has all she wants to eat, and she may even succeed in catching one."

Miss Prudence thanks you very much for the pressed flowers that came in this week's mail and will write a personal letter of acknowledgment soon.

W. Virginian, W. Va.:—"I have no doubt that the M. G. R's, after eating their solid and substantial food, like to finish their repast with some dainty, such as pie, cake, etc. These things used sparingly are helpful, but woe unto those who use them to excess, for they will spend the latter part of their days in misery!

It is so with the novel; taken after solid reading it is useful providing it is not wild and fanciful, but depicts human nature as it really is, but when we read such books to the exclusion of all other literature we are doing ourselves a great injury as they will weaken our memory and keep us in a continual dream of one day becoming such a hero or heroine as we have last read about. Those who wish to know which are the best novels should consult The Blade's "Recent Literature" column; I feel sure none but good novels will be noticed there."

Oleo, Mich.:—"My home is 'Woodside Farm,' situated in the beautiful St. Joseph river valley near the pleasant village of Berrien Springs which has become quite a summer resort, the 'shut-ins' from Chicago being able to enjoy at will its ample picnic grove and wooded island. This is the fruit belt of Michigan where the vineyards yield their purple clusters, and the peach orchards hang out their garden fruit to tempt eye and taste. Apples, pears, quinces, cherries and all kinds of small fruit are grown here for the Chicago market."

C. E. Palmer, Ind.:—"I am preserving the pictures of the state presidents, and have left a space at the top for the picture of Miss Prudence, which I hope she will not refuse to give us. As to Sam Igotus, homely or comely, I say it is all the same, so long as the girl has a good character, a loving disposition, and cares for the 'folks at home' as she should."

Spider, Iowa:—"I am a member of the B. T. L., my name being among the first 12 sent in. Sam Igotus's views are all right; I only hope he won't do as Carl did. I see no harm in novel-reading or card-playing and often do both."

Coralyn, Wis.:—"Sam Igotus will exclaim: 'Another old maid!' His powers of perception are so highly developed all attempted evasion would be useless. I do really think after reading his last letter (July 4) that he is only trying to pick another quarrel. I would say to Esme Roy that each letter of the Home Companion's Cousin's League was eagerly read by me, though I staid just outside the charming circle. Did he have another nom then?"

Logus, Kan.:—"As I have been riding in the Merry-Go-Rounds and so far have done nothing to keep it revolving I will give up my seat and help push a bit. I will seize the 'dress' lever, as no one else has seen fit to grasp it. When I see the present fashions for women I just groan, and every new fashion-plate increases my agony. Does the prevailing dress-skirt and corset conform to comfort and convenience? On a very windy day, when the skirt makes every effort to impede the footsteps of the wearer and to trip her unwary escort in muddy streets and crossings and in wet weather how it does gather dirt, and cling to the shoe-tops! I hail with joy the advent of the bifurcated skirt for use on bicycles, and fervently hope its use will extend to other branches of feminine economy until it entirely supersedes the present skirt. It will take time and require moral courage to sunder the iron band of conventionality, yet I believe the 'new woman' will rise to the necessity, and us men-folks will wonder that she did it so easily!"

Prairie Queen, Iowa:—"I love to spend my evenings wandering among the flower-beds or taking long drives along the river road that winds along for miles under stately oaks and elms that bend their graceful limbs protectingly above our heads. I believe in equal suffrage, but think we can have a political influence over those around us if we are well-read and show a proper interest in affairs of the day, even if we cannot vote."

Margaret, N. Y.:—"I am a New York girl, and though I have been a reader of the M. G. R.'s for some time I have never seen the names of any members from this state. Brier Rose, my favorite studies are music and elocution, and I would like to hear about your success with them. I have been teaching school this summer, but since its close have taken up the study of music once more."

The Indiana president writes as follows: "Let's shake hands fellow-presidents; our reports for the most part seem conspicuous by their absence. Our subjects, names, faces, or something seem not to have suited our constitutents. I am sure though if they would only send us topics that did suit them, we'd use them wouldn't we? I am so much obliged to those who have helped me, but can't more of you do so? Just think how we presidents would smile like Mr. Igotus —only broader still; how pleased Miss Prudence would be, and how self-satisfied you'd feel yourselves! Won't you, dear friends, do more to make the order a success? Thank you Colorado Ranchman; I'd like awfully to accept that compliment, but, alas, I can't 'cause that doesn't look like me 'at all, at all.' It's another girl entirely; one not quite as ugly as I am, with my hair and name. I suspect the artist made it that way out of pure kindness of heart, thinking (and rightly too) that he was improving upon Nature."

Colorado Ranchman, Col.:—"I live near a bridge 150 feet long, and it is a pleasure one never forgets to stand upon it, to catch mountain trout or to watch the soothly flowing water rippling over the beautiful stones that line its bed. The rocks are of all colors, and our little county has all formations of minerals that America contains. From eighteen to thirty miles below here are large beds of gold-bearing quartz where hundreds of men are daily opening new prospects which will in the near future make our country very prosperous."

TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

In answer to many inquiries about the badges, the publishers are glad to say that enough have been received to send them to all who enclose 50 cents to The Blade, Toledo, O.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

The editor of the Household is glad to be able to announce that the badges have been hurried up, and there is now a sufficient supply to send one to each of the lucky members who win it as a prize in response to the following offer:

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 35 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 35, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

The offer was to hold good for three months and several weeks have already passed away. A little work will win this beautiful badge, enlarge the

Toledo Weekly Blade

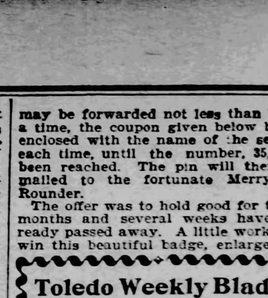
To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

number of The Merry-Go-Rounds, and give friendly help to The Blade in enlarging its circulation. Try it, and if success is yours, you will not be sorry.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

WORD TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

Every week come requests for the publication of old poems, and these requests so far as possible have been complied with. Upon the fifth page of this issue will be found a list of those which have already appeared. Look this over before writing and see if the one you desire has already been published. If so it is useless to ask for it, as it cannot be repeated. A little care of this kind will save yourselves and The Blade considerable trouble.



THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important all are we,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall;
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school.

One little mark with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school.

If out of breath you chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
These little marks from school.

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure
This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice—await replies,"
To gather information wise,
This little mark from school.

One little mark with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school.

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
Six little marks from school.
—St. Nicholas.

GRANDMA'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Grandma Stewart was, oh, so tired of the rocking chair in which she had been sitting since early morn, tired of the pictures of George and Martha Washington and of the roses on the wall paper that adorned her bedroom walls; tired of the dreary March sky

and bare trees to be seen from her bedroom window, but most tired of all of her old enemy, rheumatism, which just now was making her feet so sore she could not walk on them, and her fingers so stiff they could not even knit on grandpa's stockings.

So there she sat a prisoner in her big chair, thinking how helpless she was, and how much her daughter, "Aunt Mary," had to do for her, and as she thought great tears rolled down her cheeks.

Grandpa had gone down to the post-office and Aunt Mary was teaching the new housemaid how to make cookies, so poor grandma was all alone. Just then there was a sound of voices below, the clatter of many feet on the stairs, and a moment later the door burst open to admit grandma's sunbeams, at least that is what she calls them always. What were they? Why, her four grandchildren, to be sure, and now let me introduce them to you.

The eight-year-old little girl in a gray cloak and big hat is Olive, and the four-year-old tot that she holds by the hand, who looks like that big wax doll you saw in the store window just before Christmas, with her blue eyes and yellow curls, is baby Mary.

Standing just back of her is a sailor, or at least he looks like one, in blue clothes and reefer, called Carey. He also has blue eyes and very light hair, and he is almost seven years old.

A little miss of five in red cloak and hat, whom grandma calls "Abby-Bird-Bird," finishes the sunbeams, who are all looking anxiously into the room.

"Is you real sick to-day?" Abby questions.

"Yes, dear, poor old grandma is of no use to-day. She is so lame she cannot let one of her sunbeams touch her. Neither can she cut out paper dolls, nor play games. She cannot help them to have a nice time to-day at all. Don't you want to trade her off for some one's grandma who is good for something?"

"No, we don't!" cried Carey, and then they all tip-toed in and looked at poor grandma, in a way that, if feeling sorry for any one could cure, would have made her well at once.

"Is you lonesome, grandma?" asked Abby.

"Yes, and I'm tired of looking at those old, bare maple trees and this end of the room."

Then the four little heads went close together, there was much whispering and laughing, and at last Olive said: "Grandma, would you like to see some living pictures?"

"Living what?" asked grandma in surprise.

"Why, make-believe pictures like what mamma took us all to last night at the church sociable, only big people played in most o' them—but we can do them too."

"I would very much like to see them," said grandma, "perhaps they will drive my old rheumatism away."

So, after a little pile of cloaks, hats and mittens was made on the bed, Olive went down into the basement and had Bridget bring up the three-paneled dining room screen, which was set across the corner of the room that grandmother could see.

"This is our stage curtain," explained Olive, as the four little actors disappeared behind it.

After some time had passed, during which many excursions were made into the room for mysterious things, while grandma had to shut her eyes so as not to see, Olive came from behind the screen, and in a very loud voice said: "Ladies and gentlemen—The first thing on our programme this evening is a picture called 'An Old-fashioned Schoolgirl.'" and as she folded back the screen, and displayed, on a chair, stood Abby, with grandma's little plaid shoulder shawl about her, and Mary's white hood tied on over her curls. She carried grandma's black silk bag and, in her hands was an open book (held upside down), which she seemed to be studying very hard.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

HORR-HARVEY.

THE GREAT SILVER DEBATE BETWEEN THE CHAMPIONS.

The Daily Debates Are Here Given in Outline.

The Sixth Day.

Chicago, July 23.—The contention of Messrs. Horr and Harvey over the silver question was resumed in the Illinois Club house this afternoon.

The day's talk was opened by Mr. Harvey. He said that the debate of the last session was of value as showing that during the past forty years silver had been steadily coined, in spite of the assertions to the contrary; that by the table compiled from the reports of the mint, the commercial ratio between gold and silver had been maintained at about 15 1-2 to 1, for French coinage ratio of 15 1-2 to 1, for twenty-two years; that during the twenty-two years since 1873, as the result of demonetization, the commercial ratio had declined to 32 to 1; that in the 328 years prior to 1873, the quantity ratio between gold and silver had ranged from 55 of silver to 1 of gold, to 4 of silver to 1 of gold, and that during all that time the commercial ratio had almost closely the legal ratio, showing all that time the commercial price of silver bullion had remained steady. Since 1873 it had steadily and rapidly decreased. It was the dominating influence of London on the exchanges to the parts of the world which led to gold being recognized by the world as the standard in all commercial transactions.

Mr. Horr, in his opening remarks, proceeded to recall attention to what he called misleading statements in Mr. Harvey's book. For instance he declared to be untrue the statement that it was believed that the coinage of all of the gold the life world was about $2 per ounce, while some put it much higher. Mr. Horr pointed out that there had been a vastly increased production of gold in recent years. At the cost which Mr. Harvey spoke of, the silver miners in three years would have lost over $100,000,000.

Again Mr. Harvey had put the aggregate amount of silver in the world at about three billion dollars. It was estimated that there was about six billions.

Mr. Harvey had said that the whole of the United States amounted to forty billions of dollars. That was an absurdity. The statement of the amount of interest which the United States paid annually to Europe was also untrue.

Mr. Harvey said that the amount of silver referred to by him in his book was the amount available for coinage. For the rest he proposed to pursue the order of the discussion and answer the questions upon them.

Mr. Harvey then distributed a table showing the production of gold and silver from 1792 to 1892, and proceeded to argue that in spite of wide relative fluctuations in the value of silver, there had been no fluctuations in relative value till after the demonetization act in 1873. He then proceeded to argue that, except in the head of the mint, there should be no difference in the treatment of silver and gold. He said that the government was the creator of money and had the right to regulate the thing created to the exclusion of all relative ratios, but it had no right to take from the legal tender quality of any money created.

Mr. Horr continued his objections to Mr. Harvey's statements in his book. He took up the supposition that the government wanted 100,000 horses. Its competition would increase the value of horses, but if there was no coinage of silver would increase the value of the bullion. Mr. Horr said that all the government did to silver was to put a stamp on the bullion and return it to the owner. Suppose the government should call for 100,000 horses for the purpose of affixing a brand to them, and having done so should return them to the owner, would that increase the value of the horses of the owner? The horse argument, Mr. Horr declared, was a fraud.

The speaker then took up the matter of the elements which govern the price of wheat, arguing after Mr. Harvey's deductions were ridiculous.

Mr. Harvey said that this government had fixed the price of gold, and all the friends of silver wanted was for it to fix the price of silver, so that the nation could better keep out of the hands of the pawn broker with two metals than one.

Returning to his argument on bimetallism, Mr. Harvey said that the option on the debtor to pay in the cheaper metal should not be impaired. This would always maintain a parity. If the creditor were given the option of the metal in which he should be paid he would demand the dearer money, thereby increasing the demand for that metal and decreasing the other, thereby widening the spread to maintain parity.

Continuing, Mr. Harvey said that all nature was bimetallic. Man had two legs, two arms, two eyes, two ears. He declared there were available for coinage in the world about sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold.

Replying, Mr. Horr took up the question of farm tenancy, whose growth Mr. Harvey, at the opening of the debate, had adverted to as a bad sign in our national life. Mr. Horr declared it a good sign, and quoted from statistics gathered by the state of Minnesota, showing the evolution of the tenant into the land owner, and from other statistics showed that the increase in the number of tenants had been accompanied by a decrease in the number of farm day laborers. That increase in tenancy had not been at the expense of farm owners, but at that of day laborers.

Mr. Harvey declined to discuss what he called "the tenant business," but promised he would take it up when he got to it. He then went on to say that there was no such thing as money in the general sense in which the word is used, one being primary money and the other representative money, or as he would call it for the purposes of debate, credit money. Credit money is again to be divided into paper money and token money, which includes copper cents and nickel five-cent pieces. No attempt is made to maintain the commercial parity of these metals at any ratio with the metal out of which primary money is made. Token money is used to pay for articles the price of which is less than values at which we coin primary money. Primary money is the measure of value. Gold, Mr. Harvey said, is now used as a measure of values, and our representative money is tied to it as the tail of a kite is fastened to the kite. He then made a short argument showing that supply and demand regulate the value of money, the same as of all other property.

Mr. Horr announced that before proceeding to the question of the production of silver he desired to pay a few words on the misleading nature of some of Mr. Harvey's statements on finance. He then attacked assertions under Mr. Harvey as to the assessed valuation of the nation, to the effect declaration that Mr. Harvey was wandering from the question in debate, because he had several times declared that if "the entire world" would give free and unlimited coinage to silver on a certain ration it could be maintained. Mr. Horr said that was not the question to be considered at all, "but whether after the nations of the world has refused to use silver as money of final redemption, and still refuses to use it, can the United States, single handed and alone, afford to put itself upon a silver basis and join Mexico, China and Tripoli on this subject?" He then submitted the table of the product of gold and silver since 1871, taken from Mr. Harvey's book, and added to it the mint reports of the product of 1893 and 1894. This table showed, Mr. Horr declared, that since 1871 the production of silver has fallen steadily on the increase, and that gold has doubled since 1875 both in value and increase; but while silver had increased in quantity three times during that period, gold had only doubled in quantity.

Mr. Harvey went back to the discussion of primary money as a measure of values. In 1867, he declared all the money in the country was $19.09 per capita, and in 1872 is was $19.19 per capita, and in these times all money was primary money, the measure of values being paper money itself. In 1894 we had in circulation $24.52 per capita. He then said: "Now you will all say that the quantity of money in circulation affects prices. You have more money, primary and credit combined, in circulation in 1894, per capita, than you had in the two years named previous to 1873, and yet prices were higher then than now. Why? Because there was more primary money per capita in circulation at the two first named years than there is in the last named year. 1894. Of the $24 per capita in circulation of all the money in 1894, only about $6 is primary money, while in 1867 and 1872 there was $18 primary money in circulation per capita."

Mr. Horr said Mr. Harvey's definition of primary money was money of redemption. Greenbacks had to be redeemed to make them good and they could not by any hook or crook, be converted into primary money. Mr. Horr then said: In 1879 we did return to specie payment; we did make our greenbacks and all our money as good as the best, and Brother Harvey and his whole crowd of followers and adherents were going up and down this country stating that if we undertook to enforce that act we would ruin the business of the country. I know they said it because I heard them dozens and dozens of times. They believed it just as Harvey does now.

Mr. Harvey — You did not hear me say it.

Mr. Horr—Well, if you were old enough you did say it. A man constituted as you are could not have said anything else.

Mr. Horr declared that the "stuff" he was preaching as it had been denominated by Mr. Harvey was upheld by every civilized nation on earth, and that only such countries as China, Mexico and Japan favored the silver standard.

Mr. Harvey declared that Mr. Horr was justified in calling him a greenbacker and said that he believed in gold and silver as primary money, to the fullest extent under the bimetallic laws that governed the period to 1873. In relation to the claim of Mr. Horr that all the civilized nations of the earth were in favor of the gold standard Mr. Harvey said that all the civilized nations of the earth were at one time slave-holding nations, and the individual slave-holding had made precisely the argument advanced by Mr. Horr. He then went back to credit and redemption money and declared that credit money may be issued by the government with safety only in such quantity as will not embarrass it in case a run is made on the government for redemption. If the government requires redemption money it can float bonds among its own people to the full amount necessary to obtain what primary money it needs. No government should ever borrow from the people at home or abroad, he declared, on a confession of monetary weakness. No government, he declared, should issue credit money in quantity beyond the amount of primary money beyond its own people and it should have no money in the treasury, except for its current expenses, and improvements. The money should be among the people. This closed the debate for the day, and an adjournment was taken until Thursday.

The Seventh Day.

Chicago, July 25.—"Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" seemed to be the motto in the Illinois club to-day. The audience at the Horr-Harvey controversy appeared to be rapidly adopting the feeling of the Western matron whose fighting enthusiasm on an exciting occasion overcame her other emotions. The husband and the grizzly referred to could hardly have attempted more thoroughly to rip each other up the back and elsewhere, than did Messrs. Horr and Harvey this afternoon.

Mr. Horr opened the discussion by saying that the 412 1-2 grain silver dollars coined between the years 1853 and 1873, were all coined at the Philadelphia mint and from foreign silver coins duly under an act of Congress which made them receivable, but did not permit them to be paid out again. That was why silver was coined at less than its bullion value after 1853 the government did not coin a dollar of our silver coinage for private owners.

Mr. Harvey in reply denied the statement and declared that Horr could not prove it. He presented a mint statement showing that over $400,000 in silver dollars had been coined at the mint at Carson City, Nev., in 1870.

Mr. Harvey then resumed the discussion of the question of primary and credit money. He said that as soon as there was an overissue of credit money it caused distrust of the government's ability to pay. This caused a run on the Treasury for the redemption of credit money, and the only remedy was to either increase the amount of primary money or a decrease of the amount of credit money.

The amount of gold in the United States was estimated at $400,000,000 to $600,000,000, and of our credit money about one billion dollars. The speaker then said credit money, he said, and accounted for the country's financial derangement. The remedy was to increase the primary money by the monetizing of silver, the moment's delay would endanger the safety of the republic.

Mr. Horr replying, called attention to a misstatement as to the coinage at the Carson City mint. Instead of $412,492, the actual amount was $12,492.

Mr. Harvey said that he had mistaken the $ mark for a figure 4, and admitted his error.

Mr. Horr continued by saying that up to the present Mr. Harvey had not said a single word in proof of the actual subject of dispute. He had argued at length that the act of 1873 was conceived in sin and brought forth in corruption, but he had not brought any proof of it. History showed that the coincidence of the time of the parity between the commercial and legal ratio between gold and silver always drove the dearer metal out of the market. Now, with a difference of fifty per cent, what evidence was there that the consensus of the civilized nations, England excepted, could bring them to a parity, much less how could the United States alone do it?

Mr. Horr provoked the heartiest laughter at the expense of Mr. Harvey that has been brought out during the debate. He had been referring to Mr. Harvey's apparent delight in looking on the dark side of things and of being a calamity howler, when he suddenly said:

"Why, during the last day of this debate my friend Harvey, in quoting from history to predict the utter ultimate ruin of this Nation, said it was the crushing money power that destroyed Rome and crucified our Savior for it. He forgets that the Lord Jesus Christ was betrayed by Judas Iscariot, the only free silver man in the whole crowd—and, worse than all else, he insisted on the ratio of 30 to 1."

It was several minutes after this sally before there was quiet enough to admit or resume the arguments.

After this exchange of hot shot, Mr. Horr showed how the banking system increased the use of money and was of benefit to every wage-earner. Then he attacked, item by item, Mr. Harvey's table of indebtedness quoted in his book, and showed from official census reports that eleven of the items were wholly misleading and inaccurate to the extent of millions of dollars.

Mr. Harvey criticised the report sent out by the Associated Press that the wages of 4,000 men had been increased 10 per cent at Pullman, and denounced it as untrue. Then he predicted more dire disaster for the country, but finally restored good humor by presenting Mr. Horr with a silver dollar of 1799, as a souvenir of the debate. "In the early days of this debate," said Mr. Harvey, "you claimed the silver dollar was never the sole unit or standard of value. I hereby present you with a silver dollar coined in 1799, upon the rim of which, in the place of the customary milling, is stamped the motto, 'In God we trust.' The words: 'One dollar or unit, hundred cents.' This dollar may have been carried in the pocket of Washington; Jefferson may have possessed it; it may have been paid for the paper upon which the declaration of the war of 1812 against Great Britain was written."

This present was a surprise to Mr. Horr. There was a few exchanges of compliments and a promise that the dollar should be kept for the Horr grandchildren to cut their teeth upon, and the debate proper was at an end.

Following are extracts from the speeches of both sides:

Mr. Horr—Now, that occurred after the passage of the law of 1873? These occurrences have a direct bearing on the question we are discussing. We resumed specie payments in 1879, and, as Mr. Harvey himself stated, you cannot get at the real changes occasioned by the law until after we resumed specie payment. By that time the high prices had fallen off—that is the normal prices—the decrease in which they had been valued had been advancing all the while, not on account of the paper money which we were using as the measure constantly appreciating in value until it finally reached par with gold. At that time prices as compared with 1860 were as 106.9 to 100, and wages were as 141.5 to 100, showing that the wage earners were receiving much more than 50 cent—than they received in 1860. But the purchasing power of wages was 123.3 instead of 100, while the average amount had increased from 100 in 1860 to 158.5 in 1894. More of the people and men enjoyed the necessaries and comforts of life to an enormously greater degree, notwithstanding silver had at that time declined from 100 to 47. This is apparent that in 1890 all wages had risen from 100 to 158.9, and the purchasing power of wages had increased more than 72 per cent.

In 1870 the average of all prices was 1823; wages 162.2, and the purchasing power in greenbacks was 114.1.

In 1890 prices were 92.3, wages 178.9, and their purchasing power in gold 172.1, showing that the wage earner for that day's work got one and nearly three-fourths times as much of the things he needed in 1890 as he could have got in 1860.

Now what I ask you as I close my first talk is this: Why did you select your data from England and undertake to base your argument upon English prices when you could have found such prices all tabulated and arranged by a committee of your own country, about articles which we are using here in the United States?

Mr. Harvey—The London price of wheat affects the price of our wheat on the Chicago market. In the official book we have been using here from Washington, called "Coinage Laws, Appendix and Statistics," there are three tables. One is the Sauerbeck table, one the Soetbeer table, and the other the Aldrich table. The Aldrich table is the one he refers to as containing 240 articles. It was made by a senate committee of which Senator Aldrich was chairman. He called to his aid principally gold standard assistants. Unlike Sauerbeck, they were not free to publish the table in 1893 the government did not coin a dollar of our silver coinage for private owners.

Mr. Harvey in reply denied the statement and declared that Horr could not prove it. He presented a mint statement showing that over $400,000 in silver dollars had been coined at the mint at Carson City, Nev., in 1870.

Mr. Harvey then resumed the discussion of the question of primary and credit money. He said that as soon as there was an overissue of credit money it caused distrust of the government's ability to pay. This caused a run on the Treasury for the redemption of credit money, and the only remedy was to either increase the amount of primary money or a decrease of the amount of credit money.

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Mr. Horr declared that the statement that it cost more to produce a pound of silver than a pound of gold was not true, and had not been true for a great many thousand years. It was true, he said, that the assumed intrinsic value of gold and silver had depreciated in value; but silver had depreciated much faster than gold.

Mr. Horr then presented statistics for a series of years in substantiation of the depreciation of gold, showing the prices for agricultural products and the wages of labor.

Mr. Harvey took up the subject and proceeded to argue that advances in the price of grain under a gold basis in the years quoted had resulted either from short crops, or in the increased demand brought about by finding new uses for it.

Mr. Harvey said the banks should go out of the government business instead of the government going out of the banking business. (Applause). Let the banks be banks of deposit and discount, and not makers of money. They are making it now with bank credit, and you are paying them interest for it. The argument that confidence and not money is all that is wanted, if made by a greenbacker, would be ridiculed by those same men. Confidence won't buy anything. It will get a man in debt to a banker, that is all. You might as well talk about doing without air and water, as talk about doing without money. There is no condition of civilization that you can imagine by which you can be a part of that civilization and yet do without money. (Applause). And by the legislation of 1873 it has been enhanced in exchangeable value with your property. That it is crucial point in this financial discussion. (Applause). A man loaning money in 1872 that one thousand bushels of wheat would have paid, you must now give him two thousand bushels of wheat to pay that debt. The men who own bonds payable in money and securities, payable in money aggregating more than all the assessed value of the property in the United States, have legislated so as to enhance the value of their property until you have got to give up twice as much to them when they come to buy your property, as they give up to you when you go with your hard earnings, with the product of your loom and your field to buy their proerty. (Applause).

Mr. Horr—Now I want to call the attention of my friend to the fact that he can't get at how farmers are doing simply by selecting one article which happens to be cheap.

Mr. Harvey—I want to ask you right here, before these people, to answer my argument made just before I sat down.

Mr. Horr—I am going to do it if you will wait and keep still; that is what I am up here for now. (Laughter).

The very last thing he said was in reference to the fact that a farmer had to give twice as much wheat to pay his debt as he did before the demonetization of silver. What ails you? That is the very thing I am speaking about. Now I was stating that you can't possibly find out the facts in reference to the farmer by simply taking one article, and that the lowest one you can find. Now I will call your attention to the confirmation of the figures which I have heretofore given. These figures show that prices for farm products all taken together, you know, have not declined. Here in the United States comparing the prices of the year of 1860 of 20 years ago I find my confirmation in an analysis of national wealth by the great statistical authority, Mr. Mulhall, so often quoted by Mr. Harvey. In the June North American Review, Mr. Mulhall says that the average yield accumulation of the agricultural workers, per capita, of the United States, was for the decade 1870 to 1880, $37.90 each.

Mr. Harvey—Will you pardon me—

Mr. Horr—Don't bother me. For the decade 1879 to 1880, $47.19 per capita; and for the decade 1881 to 1890, $47.50 per capita. Here is an ability on the part of the farmers of this country to save in the last census decade nearly three times as great as in the decade before the silver legislation of 1873.

Mr. Harvey—Did you have that written before you left New York? (Applause).

He says that we have increased in wealth. Nobody disputes that. The United States has not only been a workshop in producing wealth, but it has been a sweatshop. (Applause). It has been producing wealth, but have the men who produced that wealth got the wealth? The rich men are controlling the legislation of America and the old world and there is no plan by which European civilization can rise from under it and when we have passed four or eight years along there will be no way for us to rise from under it.

We are making in the United States to-day the last stand of freemen in the civilization of the world. (Applause).

The answering of questions occupied much of the remainder of the day, the debate finally being adjourned at Mr. Horr's request till Saturday at 1 p. m.

The Eighth Day.

Chicago, July 27.—To-day's debate was full of by-play, and there was no little wit and sharp retort that kept the audience in excellent humor. In a nutshell the arguments of yesterday were along these lines:

Claimed by Mr. Harvey—That panics are due to our system of bank credits; that supply and demand, not cost of production, fix prices; that the relative value of the dollar now is greater than in 1859, that a demonetization law increase in debtors, in tenants, in homicides, insanity, suicide, and crime; that, in short, the logical outcome of the tendency of present events must be the present republic.

Claimed by Mr. Horr—That the volume of currency in circulation is not closely related to the volume of business; that there is no such thing as an unlimited demand for anything in the world, not even of money; that there are other uses for money than as a medium of paying debts; that the panics of 1873 was caused by a fear that this country might return to a silver basis; that the business of the country does not depend upon the per capita of the circulating medium; that the debt country is decreasing; that seven items in Mr Harvey's table of debts are millions of dollars wrong in the aggregate and wholly misleading.

The most striking sentences that elicited the greatest applause were these:

Mr. Horr—The amount of money does not make business active; it is the amount of business that makes money active in this country or ours.

Mr. Harvey—Man has a right to organize so long as money is organized and monopoly is protected. The independent citizen is a good citizen; he is no man's slave. He is a patriot.

Mr. Horr—I was writing in reply to a man who thought we ought not to have either gold or silver, a man who believed in no

WASHINGTON.

THE ATLANTA BULL FIGHT.

Illustrates Customs of Foreign Countries and is All Right.

Washington, July 26.—The Treasury Department has declined to entertain the protest made by the vice president of the Humane Society against the admission into this country of bulls and torreadors from Mexico for a bull fighting exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition. The protest claimed that the bulls should be excluded on the ground that they were immoral instruments, and the torreadors on the ground that their admission would violate the contract labor law. The letter then proceeds:

"I have to inform you that the department is unable to perceive that the importation of bulls for the purpose indicated comes within the letter or spirit of the prohibition contained in the provision of law quoted, and, therefore, declines to issue the desired instructions.

"If, as stated, the exhibition of bull fighters is prohibited by the laws of Georgia, it is presumed that the authorities of that state will prevent it, but the subject does not appear to come within the jurisdiction of the department."

Commissioner of Immigration Stump, in his letter, recites the joint resolution passed by Congress January 21, 1895, providing for the production upon the exposition grounds at Atlanta of scenes illustrative of the art, amusements, entertainment, etc., of foreign countries, and the admission of aliens by express permission of the secretary of the Treasury for this purpose.

"It, therefore, becomes the duty of the secretary of the Treasury," he adds, "to grant express permission to each applicant holding concessions and privileges from said exposition if such persons come within the terms of the joint resolution. It is well known that bull fighting affords one of the chief amusements in Spanish and Mexican countries, and as it appears that the authorities of the exposition have entered into a contract with one J. P. Porteous to bring into the United States certain bull fighters to give exhibitions as provided by the joint resolution this department can take no steps to exclude them."

WALLER'S TRIAL.

Consul Kennedy Will Present the Matter to Mr. Olney.

Washington, July 24.—Mr. Crammond Kennedy, who has become the principal counsel in the case of ex-Consul Waller, now serving a sentence in a French jail for violation of the neutrality laws between this country and France, called at the State department yesterday. Mr. Kennedy is disposed to lay much stress on the fact that at the time of Waller's arrest, there was no actual state of war between France and Madagascar. He contends that Waller, for this reason, could not have been guilty of the charge on which he was tried and convicted. He said this phase of the case had not yet been presented by this government, and as soon as Mr. Olney returns he will present the matter to him in this light. Outlining the case in this view of it, he said: "If France was not at war under the law of nations, with Madagascar, she had no right to subject any citizen or subject of a third power to trial by military commission. Such a trial, involving either personal liberty or rights of property, is the gravest kind of a violation of civil rights and liberties appertaining to citizenship. In Waller's case there had been no declaration of war by France against Madagascar. The refusal or failure of the French government up to this time to furnish the government of the United States with the official record of Waller's trial by court martial, raises a very strong presumption that the grounds on which he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor were not of a substantial kind."

COAL MINERS' WAGES.

American Operators and Operatives Might Try This.

Washington, July 29.—A recent report made by United States Consul Anthony Howells, located at Cardiff, furnishes some interesting information concerning the operations of the wage scale of South Wales collieries. This report says: The wages are regulated by a sliding scale based upon the average net selling price of coal, as ascertained and certified by two auditors or accountants, one of whom is chosen by the operators and the other by the operatives. The wages are advanced or reduced at the end of each period of two months by additions or reductions of 11-4 per cent upon the mean monetary results found by the auditors as between the old scale dated June, 1882, and the one dated January, 1890, there being neither maximum nor minimum. The accountants give jointly a certificate of the net average selling price for each period of two months, and such price for the two months ending the last day of February is made to govern wages from the first day of April to the last day of May, and so on for every successive two months. The agreement continues in force usually for six months, and thenceforth till either party gives six months notice of termination, such notice to be given on the first of July or on the first day of any succeeding January or July.

HUNGRY ENGLISH MONEY.

Wants Investment and is Gazing Toward This Country.

Washington, July 24.—Assistant Secretary Curtis, of the treasury department, who went to London to deliver to the Messrs. Rothschilds the foreign quota of bonds in the recent gold syndicate sale, returned to Washington yesterday.

In the course of a conversation regarding his trip Mr. Curtis said: "The business in London was successfully completed, and I am glad to return to my own country. I found the feeling regarding investments in United States stocks, bonds and other securities, both public and private, better than I expected. There is a very large amount of money in England waiting investment, and I am satisfied that if the holders were assured that the value of what they bought would not be reduced by legislation regarding our currency, that large amounts would flow to this side of the water and an era of great prosperity would follow in this country."

THEY LOSE THEIR JOB.

Seed Division of the Agricultural Department Shut Down.

Washington, July 26.—The seed division of the agricultural department will be abolished October 1. Accordingly Mathias E. Eagan, of Illinois, chief of the division at $2,000 a year, and the entire force of employes will be dropped from the rolls.

Secretary Morton's action is based on a recent decision of Mr. Olney, then attorney general, regarding the class of seed purchasable by the department. The latter held in effect that the secretary of agriculture was empowered to purchase only those seed described in section 527 of the revised statutes, viz.: Rare and uncommon to the country, or such as can be made more profitable by frequent changes from one part of our own country to another." Under this instruction all the bids for furnishing seeds recently submitted were rejected. The change is officially estimated to involve a saving of about $200,000 a year.

COPPER MINING IN 1894.

The Government Report On Production is Published.

Washington, July 29.—The review of copper and copper mining for the year 1894 made by the United States geological survey has been completed. It says that copper mining suffered from the general depression of the year. Still, consumption was in advance of 1893, but an enlarged production could only be marketed by means of lower prices. On the whole, copper mining resisted the tension better than the other metal trades. The exports were less than 1893, and were almost entirely of the refined metal. The production of copper for 1894 was 158,120 tons. A little over half of this came from Montana, and two-thirds of the remainder from Lake Superior mines. Other sources of supply included Arizona, 44,500,000 pounds; Colorado, 6,500,000 pounds; Southern states, 2,400,000 pounds; Utah, 1,100,000 pounds.

PRESIDENT HAS ACTED.

War Department Caring for the Suffering Negro Colonists.

Washington, July 29.—Thanks to the good offices of L. M. Johnson, general manager of the Mexican Central railroad, the unfortunate negroes of Tlahualila colony who are making their way home to the United States from Mexico, have been saved from present starvation. United States Consul Sparks has telegraphed the State Department from Pierras Negras, Mex., that Mr. Johnson is feeding these negroes at his own expense, and that all is going well now. The Eagle Pass officials have quarantined 46 of the negroes at that point, where the consul had landed them Friday night. Twenty-five of them are sick in Mexico with smallpox, eight seriously. The local Mexican authorities there have become alarmed, and declare they cannot take care of them longer. The remainder of the party who are not sick, numbering 150, were expected to reach Piedras Negras yesterday.

The President has also taken steps to relieve the distress of the colonists. Regarding the case as one of great emergency involving the lives of American citizens he has directed that the War Department issue rations to them, and instructions were telegraphed the military headquarters at San Antonio, Tex., to forward immediately 1,500 rations to United States Consul Sparks at Piedras Negras.

UNDER ANOTHER LIGHT.

The Story of Japan Arming as If for Another War.

Washington, July 29.—At the Japanese legation here the report from Vladivostock via St. Petersburg that Japan is raising another army and navy to a war footing is given no credence. No immediate trouble with Russia is anticipated, according to the advices received here, and the second or reserve corps is being disbanded

Japan is said, however, to be broadening the basis for her possibilities in case of war, in that she is arranging to further recruit her navy.

Mail advices received a few days ago indicate that the fighting on the island of Formosa has been rather heavier than cable reports indicated, but there is no information here to show that the rebels are being supported by the viceroys of Southern China.

Eventually when the Liao Tung peninsula is surrendered to China in accordance with the terms of the treaty the Japanese of course, will dismantle the fortifications, but as Port Arthur is to be held as a hostage for the payment of the indemnity the report that it has been blown up at this time is considered absurd.

THE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT.

Elaborate Preparations for the Display at Atlanta.

Washington, July 30.—Elaborate preparations are being made at most of the government departments to furnish adequate exhibits at the Atlanta exposition. From the geological survey a large number of specimens of valuable precious metals and minerals will be sent in well protected cases. The work in Washington on the agricultural department exhibits will be completed at the end of the week. There will be fifteen carloads in all, half of which are already on the way. The exhibit of ornithology, mammalology, pantomology, the bureau of animal industry, the division of publication and the weather bureau were shipped from here yesterday. Chairman Labney, of the government board of management will leave for Atlanta at the end of the week, when the office of the board will be established there.

Get Your Money Now.

Washington, July 26.—The secretary of the treasury has formally directed that the money paid into the treasury on account of the income tax be refunded to the persons and corporations respectively entitled thereto upon the filing of refunding claims.

Warned Against a Fraud.

Washington, July 25.—A fraud order has been issued against the Columbia Benevolent association, of Saginaw, Mich., for violation of the anti-lottery laws.

ARE WITH CAPT. BECK.

Indians Want the Severalty Act Enforced.

Omaha, July 29.—Following is a copy of a communication sent by the Omaha Indians to Commissioner Browning:

"Dear Sir:—Having sent a delegation to Pender to appear before the Nebraska delegation in Congress, and they not being able to get a hearing, we, members of the Omaha tribe, including life members of our council of ten, hurriedly assembled, and made this statement:

"We desire the law known as the severalty act to be enforced and that the lands held in trust by the government be under the control of the officers of the government and leased and controlled as in that law provided. We, as Indians are unable to contend with organized white men. We look to the future and to protect our children. We are opposed to a new allotment.

"We indorse the administration of Capt. Wm. H. Beck, acting Indian agent, and thank him for the noble fight he has made for the interests of the Indians."

This is signed by one hundred prominent Indians.

GOING RIGHT AT IT.

Work Will be Pushed on the Panama Canal.

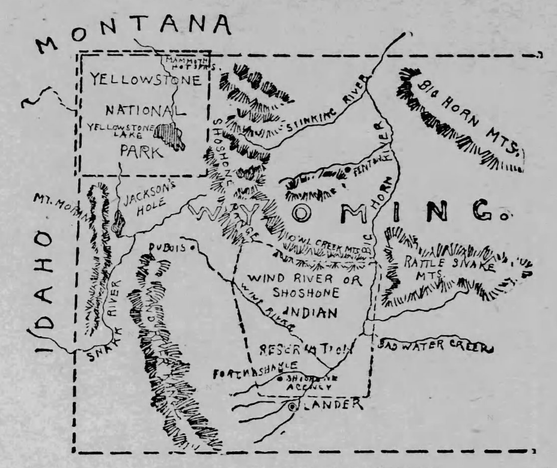
Colon, July 30.—According to present indications work on the Panama canal is going to be pushed with vigor. A director of the canal has announced that 5,000 laborers are required for work on the uncompleted Interoceanic waterway and that wages to be paid are $1.20 in Colombia currency per day.

The strike of wharf, ship and other laborers which has been having such a bad effect on business here for some time past is breaking up.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



SCENE OF THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

Fact is, the Poor Indian Would Like to be Let Alone.

Cheyenne, Wyo., July 29.—Orders have been received by Colonel Van Horn, commandant at Fort Russell, to have the three remaining companies of the Seventeenth Infantry prepared to move to the scene of the Indian trouble at once. The order was issued by General Coppinger and dated Market Lake. The two companies on their way from Fort Robinson are expected to arrive early tomorrow morning. They will be joined by the companies of the Seventeenth and without delay the five companies will proceed to Market Lake by special train.

The soldiers of the Seventeenth are peculiarly fitted for Indian warfare. They have had 17 years' experience on the frontier and have a good record for their Indian experiences.

Governor Richards arrived here from Rock Springs at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The governor has been kept thoroughly advised at Rock Springs by Adjutant General Stitzer, who has a courier service between Market Lake and Jackson's Hole. General Stitzer denies the exaggerated reports of the massacre of 16 families, but states that the Indians have congregated in large numbers in the vicinity of Jackson's Hole. They are making hostile demonstrations and are liable to make an attack at any time. The settlers have taken their families to Marysville and will defend them with their lives. They are a hardy and determined lot of men and most of them are well armed. It is believed the cavalry from Fort Robinson will have arrived at Jackson's Hole in time to prevent any depredations by Indians.

The probabilities are that the settlers of Lander Valley will be thoroughly protected, and at the same time the Fort Robinson troops will reach Jackson's Hole quite as soon as the Lander militia could have arrived had they been ordered out at the commencement of hostilities.

It is estimated that upward of 1,000 Indians are in Jackson's Hole at the present time.

Report of Massacre Denied.

Washington, July 29.—Further denial of the reports of a massacre at Jackson's Hole, Idaho, reached the Interior department to-day, in a dispatch from Indian Agent Teter. The dispatch was dated Rexburg, Idaho, near Market Lake, July 28, and says: "On the 27th inst I met Sheriff Hawley near Rexburg, returning from Jackson's Hole, where he had been sent to ascertain if the settlers had been killed by the Indians. Hawley states that the settlers have not been molested by the Indians who are supposed to be encamped about 40 miles from the settlement in a practically impregnable position. There is no doubt of the fact that a large body of Lempi Indians have recently joined the other Indians in Hobacks Canon."

UNCLE SAM'S BUSINESS.

Internal Revenue Report for Fiscal Year Ending June 30.

Washington, July 26.—Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller has submitted his preliminary report for the fiscal year ended June 30. The total receipts from all sources for the year were $143,245,977, a decrease for the fiscal year just ended of $3,922,471 as compared with 1894, the expenses of this bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, will approximate $4,068,253, and deducting there from the disbursements made in connection with the ascertainment and payment of the bounty on sugar, amounting to $10,391, the net cost of collection will be about $4,057,861. The exact amount expended for the collection of internal revenue cannot be ascertained exactly until all accounts of collectors for the fiscal year are received and adjusted.

Disbursements on account of carrying into effect the income tax aggregated $88,879, and the receipts from this source of revenue were $77,120.

The report shows $85,259,252 was received from distilled spirits against $79,862,627 for the last fiscal year; $28,617,998 from tobacco, against $29,704,987 last year; $31,414,788 from fermented liquors against $21,640,617 last year; $1,729,479 from oleomargarine against $1,409,211 last year; miscellaneous (opium, playing cards, etc.), $153,028 against $551,483 last year.

BY RIGID ECONOMY.

Mrs. Stanford's University Can Run on $16,000 Per Month.

San Francisco, July 29.—Mrs. Leland Stanford has been at Palo Alto consulting President Jordan about the opening of the Stanford University in September. Mr. Jordan has submitted estimates showing that the university can be conducted without impairing its efficiency for $16,000 a month. Mrs. Stanford, in order to raise the money, will sell off the stock on the Palo Alto ranch. The income from Palo Alto and Vina ranches has not been large enough to keep the university going and in order to keep it open Mrs. Stanford has been obliged to hypothecate some of her railroad bonds and the same course will be necessary to insure funds to support the university during the coming year. Owing to this financial embarrassment, Mrs. Stanford is very anxious to have the government suit against the estate settled as soon as possible.

OIL GUSHED FORTH,

And It Means Dollars to Californians.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 26.—One of the deepest oil wells in the city, located at the corner of Hobart and West State streets, has suddenly started "gushing" oil at such a rate that it cannot be kept under control. It has overrun the neighborhood and is still flowing. The output is estimated by experts to be about 800 barrels per day. A number of owners of wells in the vicinity, whose property has been yielding fair returns, have decided to stop present operations and dig deeper.

Will Become Honest Farmers.

Kansas City, July 27.—Grand Master Workman Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, was here yesterday on his way South, looking up good farming lands for laboring men. His aim is to have as many Knights of Labor as possible look to the agricultural and fruit lands for permanent settlement and occupation. The overcrowded condition of the cities as maintained is the cause of much suffering among workmen.

THE RUM POWER ANGRY.

Brewers Threaten Everything if More Duty is Placed on Lager.

New York, July 29.—The brewers are in war paint. Their fight in Congress next winter to prevent an increase in the internal revenue tax on beer, will be directed from this city, which is the headquarters of the association and also of a powerful local organization.

"There is no difference between the East and the West on this question," said Mr. Fitch, general counsel for the brewers to-day. "All will suffer alike regardless of geographical location, and all are alike interested in defeating the tax. And it will be defeated. No political party will dare take the responsibility of making the increase."

In making this flat-footed declaration, Mr. Fitch said that he was not speaking as the representative or mouthpiece of the brewers. Mr. Fitch served three terms and part of a fourth in Congress, beginning as a Republican and winding up as a Democrat, resigning less than two years ago to accept the more lucrative position of comptroller of the city of New York, which he still holds. Mr. Fitch has been the legal adviser in chief of the brewers for many years, and his clients have the most unlimited confidence in him.

"If the Republican party in Congress passes a law to add another dollar a barrel to the tax on beer," he said, "it will be overwhelmed under a wave of popular disapproval. The tidal wave of last year will be reversed if they should do anything like that. The result of the elections in England should be an object lesson to politicians, illustrative of the power of influence of the brewing interest when aroused and combined for a given object."

To the observation that in Washington the belief prevailed in quarters very close to the administration, that the President would recommend an increase on the beer tax, or at least take some equally unmistakable means of letting it be known that he will sign such a bill if it is passed by Congress, Mr. Fitch parried by asking if the administration favored the bill last winter when the question was pressed hot upon Congress. He would not return to the point, although reminded that the conditions then and now were totally dissimilar. It is said to be likely the brewers will concentrate their tactics on individual Congressmen living in districts where they can set up a plausible claim that they hold the balance of power in voting strength. Whether this will be successful remains to be seen. In the North the country members, it claimed, have little fear of the beer element, and in the South the same indifference obtains among the Democrats.

TROUBLE AT OMAHA.

Deposed Police Boast That All Are Armed.

Omaha, Neb., July 30.—As the first day of August approaches, the day upon which the Churchill-Russell A. P. A. law goes into effect the interest in police matters becomes intensified among all classes of citizens. Ever since the appointment of Chief of Police White by the present board of fire and police commissioners, and until last Sunday, the opinion generally prevailed that an armed conflict was almost unavoidable if two rival police and fire commissions were set up. The malcontents and police plotters have been in almost constant conference with the members of the radical element and Dr. P. A. of whom Judge Scott is the head and Attorney Covell, partner of Churchill, the leading light. Nearly all of the 22 policemen who were recently dismissed by the present board have been enrolled as a nucleus of the police force to be organized by the new board, and they boast that all are armed. As a part of the well laid programme, it has been announced that Judge Scott had not adjourned his section of the District court, and would be on hand to issue any judicial order required for the plans of the new board. Yesterday the real inwardness of this statement became manifest when one of the band told an officer of the police force that "H—ll will be popping next Thursday."

Asked to be more explicit, he said that the plan was to appoint the commissioners under the terms of the Churchill-Russell law at a late hour Wednesday night, and have them ready to take possession of the affairs of the police early Thursday morning. If they resisted, they were to be arrested. These arrests were to be followed by the arrest of Chief of Police White, and all of the officers of the force who were not in sympathy with them, and who were not ready to do their bidding. Another part of the alleged scheme was that Scott was to be on hand and issue all writs that might be necessary to aid in erecting the machinery of the new law.

Among the more moderate element of the A. P. A. and the great mass of citizens the universal sentiment is in favor of a settlement by the Supreme court.

REUNION 67TH REGIMENT

Will be Held at Archbold on Thursday, September 5.

Archbold, O., July 30.—The annual reunion of the 67th regiment O. V. V. I. will be held at Archbold, Fulton county, O., on Thursday, September 5. Archbold is located on the L. S. & M. S. railway, forty-three miles west of Toledo, where good connections can be made with other railroads. Arrangements are being made for a general good time, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to make it a Soldiers' Day.

After Sea Bathing Use Cuticura Soap. For Summer Rashes Irritations Chafings and Inflammations Nothing So Cooling Soothing So Healing and Refreshing.

After the sea bath, cycling, golf, tennis, riding, or athletics, a bath with CUTICURA SOAP is indispensable. It prevents and cures chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothes inflammation, allays irritations, and when followed by a gentle anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure, proves most beneficial in relieving tired, heated, or strained muscles.

Sold throughout the world. British Depots: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. French Depots: Rue de la Paix, Paris. Australian Depots: R. Towns & Co., Sydney. U. S. A. Depots: Cuticura, Soap, Resolvent, Ointment, Pills, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Radway's Ready Relief.

His life-long friend.

It is the only PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures congestion.

Internally a teaspoonful in water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, (aided by RADWAYS PILLS), so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. RADWAY & CO., New York.

HOLMES, THE BUTCHER.

Mrs. Quinlan Gives Some Important Evidence.

Chicago, July 27.—A mass of human hair clotted with blood was found today in the search of Insurance Swindler Holmes's basement. A number of bones were also found to-day.

The hair was apparently that of a woman. It was brown, about 12 inches long, and was found clinging to the damp earth from which the bones were dug.

Chicago, July 27.—Mrs. Patrick Quinlan has lost her defiant spirit. Two days of "sweat box" experience has proved more than she could bear with equanimity, and she told the police things which before had not been acknowledged. It has resulted in making the police more than ever suspicious of her husband and the part he took in the mysterious business of H. H. Holmes. Over evidence secured from Mrs. Quinlan is highly important," said Chief Badenoch. "She has confessed to abetting Holmes in his insurance swindles, and that is a step in the right direction. Patrick Quinlan, up to this hour firmly protests that he was a mere hireling and did not know Holmes's affairs at all.

"Mrs. Quinlan's evidence was that after Mrs. Connor disappeared it became necessary for Holmes to produce her to collect some insurance. Mrs. Quinlan consented to act in her place. She went to an insurance office in La Salle street not yet located and swore she was Mrs. Connor and signed that name. I think she was wanted to act as attest in the collection of some fire insurance that was to be secured by fraud. This opens the way to other deals which it is necessary to know to fasten the guilt of many supposed murders."

Inspector Fitzpatrick located Quinlan's child yesterday. "Little Cora Quinlan is safe and sound," said he, "at the home of the Johnsons, her grandparents, near Lacota, Mich. Justice of the Peace Taylor to whom we telegraphed answered that she had been at that place for nearly two weeks. Mrs. Quinlan is in Harrison police station."

The police believe that the chain of evidence against Quinlan is complete and Holmes's ex-janitor will be tried for murder here.

"I won't allow Quinlan to become a states witness to escape the rope," said Chief of Police Badenoch to-day. "I believe in hanging murderers and I believe Quinlan is a murderer. I shall make every effort to have Holmes brought here for trial, for Chicago was his center of operations and most of his killing was done here. I have enough evidence to indict both Holmes and Quinlan and the case will be submitted to the grand jury soon."

Holmes Tells All About It.

Philadelphia, July 30.—Holmes's attorney gave out another statement last night, purporting to come from the arch-conspirator, and relating to the statements made by Charles Chappell, of Chicago, to the effect that he had articulated four skeletons for Holmes.

In the first place, Holmes declared that any medical man who failed to make a living by the practice of his profession adds to it in many other ways by calling into play his scientific knowledge. Accepting this idea himself he said he resolved to procure a number of skeletons, and when he found them expensive he concluded that to deal in the ghastly articles would be a lucrative business. Thereupon he procured a number of corpses and had them scraped and articulated, but the supposition that he had murdered people to obtain them he scouted as arrant nonsense. "I got them in a legitimate manner," he continued, "and I am prepared to prove it when the time comes. There is not a soul living in Chicago who can prove that I had anything to do with the disappearance of this aggregation of people whose murder I am accused of."

It has been learned that the authorities in this city have found among Holmes's papers several letters from Allen, who is in prison in Little Rock, Ark., implicating both in illegal transactions.

Chicago Investigation Summed Up.

Chicago, July 30.—Chief of Police Badenoch in his daily interview with reporters last night, discussed the day's developments as follows:

"We are getting lots of evidence, lots of evidence, but not exactly of the right kind, not exactly of the right kind. We have skeletons, we have statements that there are people missing, and there you are. All we can do is to theorize. What we really need is some one who saw Holmes kill some of these people. Then we will have a case. But until then——"

The search for the acid vats in the castle basement was continued. The tank which was uncovered yesterday was forced open, but nothing was found but a few inches of petroleum in the bottom of the vat. Old Man Chappell's story that the tanks were used for dissolving human bodies was largely disproved of by to-day's investigation, but search for other vats was continued, as it was believed that Chappell might have been mistaken as to their location.

In the course of the further excavation in H. H. Holmes's Sixty-third street building to-day the police unearthed parts of two thigh bones, a piece of skull and four smaller pieces of bone.

SOME DAY, PERHAPS.

But Not Soon, Will Electricity Connect New York and Chicago.

Chicago, July 26.—Regarding the story that an electric road between New York and Chicago, with an average speed of 150 miles an hour is now being promoted by Chicago and Eastern capitalists. Assistant Manager Theodore P. Bailey, of the General Electric company, said to-day, that the report was sadly exaggerated.

"That the great trunk lines of the country will eventually be operated by electricity, few doubt," said Mr. Bailey, "but there is no immediate prospect of such a line between the points named. No company has been organized for such a scheme and I know of none in prospect. It is true, however, that several of the Eastern lines are now considering the feasibility of putting in an electrical equipment and at no very distant day. I am very sure that at least some of them will abandon steam power. It is an open secret that the New York, New Haven & Hartford road will soon equip its entire system with electricity, and I see no reason why the roads between Chicago and the East should not do the same. It is not in the least wild guesswork to say that the trip from Chicago to New York, by way of Buffalo can be made in 8 to 10 hours with electrical motors."

THE GOLD STANDARD

Raised by Farmers on the Wabash—Big Sunflower Crop.

Vincennes, Ind., July 29.—The sunflower crop in this section will be by far the heaviest ever gathered by the farmers of Western Indiana and Eastern Illinois. The fields are now at their brightest and present a truly dazzling spectacle when the sun shines full upon the long rows of the big golden hearted flowers. Besides being used for chicken and horse feed, the seeds are said to furnish in their oil the best substitute for the real article in the making of imitation butter. Diversity of crops is a lesson being learned with profit by farmers along the Wabash.

LUNDY'S LANE MONUMENT.

Dedication Ceremonies Took Place To-Day.

Niagara Falls, Ont., July 25.—The monument to the unknown heroes who fell in the bloody battle of Lundy's Lane on July 25, 1814, was dedicated to-day by the Dominion government at the famous cemetery on Drummond Hill, not far distant from this place. The monument is built of granite from Stanstead county, Quebec. This stone is of a bright grey color, even in texture, and is susceptible of a high polish. The shaft is approached by six steps. These and the first two bases will be fine hammered work. At the top of the upper base, and at each angle, is placed a pile of cannon balls, as will also be the case with the ornamented parts which terminate the ramps that spring from each angle of

LUNDY'S LANE MONUMENT.

the base. The die is octagonal in form. The four faces are polished, the angles hammered and ornamented with shields, on the face of which will be inserted the name of the regiment which took part in the battle. Over the die is a heavily molded capital on the front of which is cut in large raised letters, the words "Lundy's Lane."

The shaft is of one block weighing over five tone. On its face is a wreath of maple and the date "1812-14" in bronze. The monument is about forty feet high, with an extreme width at the steps of twenty feet, and from its commanding position in the cemetery it will have an imposing appearance. The Governor General and Lady Aberdeen attended the dedication. The Rev. Canon Bull, of Niagara Falls, South Ontario, opened the ceremony with a prayer; then followed several salutes, after which speeches were made by the prominent Canadians present.

A LAKE SHORE HOLD-UP.

Belief That It Was the Kessler Gang of Robbers.

Wauseon, O., July 24.—The Pacific express No. 37 westbound, due here at 12:14, was held up last night at a small switch called Reece, 11 miles west of here. The train left Archbald on time in charge of Conductor Darling and Engineer Dowerty. A dense fog and smoke so obscured the lights that when Engineer Dowerty saw an open switch ahead he was so close upon it that he could barely slacken the speed of the train before rushing out on the siding. The train had hardly stopped when he was confronted by several drawn revolvers, and, with his fireman, ordered to dismount from the engine. They obeyed and were marched back to the express car.

Here more robbers were trying to gain an entrance into the car, which was resisted by the messenger. They finally forced their way in, however, and immediately began operations.

In the meantime the rear brakeman had started back from the train, when he was stopped by the robbers. On explaining that he had to flag other trains he was allowed to proceed. "We don't want to cause a wreck," said one of the robbers.

Two tramps who had been riding on the train made their way to Archbold and gave the first report. Officers were notified all along the line and a special train, with officials and detectives, was sent to the scene from Toledo.

Reports here are very meager and conflicting, and but little can be given on positive authority. No attempt was made to injure passengers, although a number of shots were fired to intimidate them. After securing all that they could in the short time, they made their escape into the woods. The switch is a lonely spot located in a large woods, almost as bad as the Kessler switch, the scene of the hold-up two years ago.

Money, Crops, Trade.

R. G. DUN FINDS NO PERCEPTIBLE SHRINKAGE.

Speculative Share Market Has Slumbered, Says Bradstreet.

New York, July 27.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade says:

"It is not the season for the tide of business to rise, but there is perceived scarcely any shrinkage except that which comes naturally with mid-summer heat. The volume of new business is small compared with recent months, but large enough to encourage more openings of long closed works, and more advances in returns to labor. Important strikes show that the advance is not enough for some, but the strikers seem not more threatening than a week ago.

"Accounts of shrinkage in the yield of wheat come both from the Pacific states and from the Dakotas. It would be a strange and unnatural July without such reports, and yet they have weight enough this year to lead even the most experienced to reduce somewhat their estimate of yield, while the price has advanced 3 1-4c. The light Western receipts for the week, not a third of last year's, and for four weeks, only 5,366,063 bushels against 11,983,619 last year, strengthens adverse reports, because the price a year ago was about 20c lower than it is now.

The Western movement largely depends on the export demand, which is phenomenally light. Atlantic shipments for the week having been, flour included, only 671,561 bushels against 3,818,996 last year, and for four weeks only 3,500,583 gainst 9,805,722 last year. Corn advanced about a cent with wheat, but has since lost all the gain. Cotton has remained unchanged at 7c, although the latest reports favor larger estimates of the yield, a circular by Neill going much beyond other figures.

"Prices of iron and steel products still rise, the feature this week being the startling advance of 50c per keg in cut and wire nails, with new cards for various sizes, which it is stated makes the advance unequally greater than it appeared. Angles are also a shade higher, and other prices strongly maintained. Bessemer pig does not advance, although the Carnegie and one other company have been buying about 140,000 tons, which is supposed to foreshadow large contracts for rails. In the first half of 1895, orders for rails were 712,000 tons against 502,000 tons in the first half of last year, and a good many small orders appear at Chicago."

New York, July 27.—Bradstreet's stock review says: "During a considerable portion of the week the speculative share market has been practically asleep. When it did show any signs of life its tendencies were bullish, and Wall street would seem to be thoroughly imbued with the idea that the crop situation, particularly as regards corn, promises an era of prosperity for the railroads. The strong feature holds the corn roads, the presence of a large and anxious short interest making it comparatively easy to advance them upon modest transactions. While Wall street showed bullish tendencies, the foreigners were light sellers of these specialties, directing, however, their principal pressure on St. Paul and the wheat carriers. The market has made but little account of London's bearishness, nor did this shipment of $1,000,000 last Saturday by a coffee importing firm, and threats that other mercantile houses would take the same line of action, shake the confidence in the ability of the Belmont-Morgan syndicate to protect the treasury. The fact that exchange holds firm at top rates, the gold shipments are only averted by the influence of the syndicate, and that commercial bills against grain exports are in poor supply, owing to the high prices at which grain is held, all tend to maintain advantage on the part of the public."

GOVERNMENT CROP REPORT.

Week Ending July 22 Shows More Cheerful Situation.

Washington, July 24.—The Weather Bureau, in its report of crop conditions for the week ending July 22, says:

"The drouth has been broken in Pennsylvania and partially in Eastern Ohio and portions of Michigan, but continues in Western Ohio. Portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Nebraska and Eastern Oregon are also suffering for rain. Corn has made rapid growth in Illinois and Kansas, and is reported as improved in Michigan, Wisconsin and South Dakota. The crop is doing well in Missouri and Arkansas, and is in promising condition in the Middle Atlantic and New England states. In the Southern states the corn crop is now practically laid by, in excellent condition, and gathering of fodder has begun. The week has not been uniformly favorable to cotton. While a marked improvement is reported from Alabama, South Carolina and Oklahoma, and an improvement is noted in Mississippi and Louisiana, in Tennessee and North Carolina it is running to stalk, and too much rain has caused injury in portions of Arkansas, Louisiana and Florida. In Southwestern Texas cotton is suffering for rain. Tobacco is doing well in Virginia and is in excellent condition in Maryland. In Ohio it is suffering from drouth. In Kentucky it is growing rapidly and some has been topped. Frost occurred in Idaho on the 17th, causing slight damage. Frost also occurred in Utah on the 18th. No damage reported.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of The Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., July 30, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 20.	July 27.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	123½	123¾
U. S. 4's (new), registered	123½	123¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	115¾	115¾
U. S. 5's, registered	115¾	115¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	112¾	112¾
U. S. 4's, registered	112	112¾
U. S. 2's, registered	97	97
Pacific 6's of 95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close This Afternoon.

The markets for wheat started in lower to-day on lower cables and free receipts of northwest. After considerable weakness there was some buying, and the markets advanced a little but toward the close they again weakened. Factors of weakness were light export clearances and good receipts in the Northwest. The trade was not largely extended.

Corn sold limitedly. The fine outlook for the coming crop continues to be a leading factor in the markets. For a time there were indications of a slight advanse at the close, but closing figures showed the markets to be about unchanged. At Chicago, July corn sold for 42 1-4c; September, 43c; and 42 1-2c; May, 43 1-8c, and finally 43c. At New York, September corn opened at 48c, fell to 47 7-8c, and closed at 48 1-4c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

July.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	70
Chicago	70¾	70¾	70	70¾
September.				
Toledo	74½	74½	73¾	74
Chicago	71¾	71¾	70¾	71¼
New York	75¾	76¾	75¾	76¼
St. Louis	70¾	71¾	70¾	70¾

August wheat at Chicago, 69¾c; May, 70¾c nominal. At New York August opened at 75¾@75¾c, fell to 75c, and closed at 75c bid. December wheat at Chicago opened at 73¾c, and closed at 73¾c.

Cronenberg & King received the following to-day:

Orange Judd Farmer estimates the total spring and winter wheat yield at 405,000,000 against 420,000,000 estimated July 1. It says the spring wheat condition has dropped 7 points since July 1. The crop of the Dakotas and Minnesota is estimated at 125,000,000, and the total spring wheat crop it estimates at 165,000,000. It says that South Dakota has dropped 17 points, Washington 12, Minnesota 3, and North Dakota 6 since July. California threshing returns bad—not over ten bushels to the acre.

The Prairie Farmer prints Thoman's crop report as follows: Condition of corn 94, one point higher than July 1, with plant healthy and almost assured. Spring wheat 89.3, 9 points drop since July 1. The condition points to a yield of 170,000,000 bushels. Latest Pacific coast returns report further reduction of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 in crop. Oats condition, 79.3; aggregate equal to last year.

Cables—Liverpool, 1-2d lower. Berlin declining, 5-8 lower per bushel. Paris 5 centimes higher on wheat; flour unchanged.

Exports of wheat to-day, 20,181 bushels, and 13,260 barrels of flour, or wheat and flour in the aggregate, 78,861 bushels.

Receipts in the Northwest 141,882 bushels, with 383 cars on track, on track same day last year, 370 cars.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

Trade in wheat at the local exchange was active for cash and September and light for August and December. Prices were irregular, closing with a firm tone. As compared with yesterday, cash and July wheat is lower; August 5-8c, and September and December, 3-4c decline.

No. 2 soft red wheat, cash, 76c; No. 3 soft red, 69, 70c, and finally 68; No. 1 soft red, Lake Shore, 71 1-2c; No. 2 hard, 71 1-2c.

July wheat, 76c; August, 74 1-8c, 74c, then 74 3-8c; September, 74 1-2c, 73 7-8c, and at close 74 1-2c; December wheat, 75 7-8c, 76 1-8c, then 76c.

Corn—Dull; No. 2 mixed, 44 1-2c.

Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 24c; No. 2 September 23 1-2c.

Rye—Dull; No. 2, 51c; No. 3, 48c.

Clover Seed—Dull, steady; prime, October, $5.75